

Colman, George

The law of Java a play, in three acts ; first perform'd at the Theatre
Royal, covent Garden, Saturday, May 11, 1822

London 1822

Bamberg, Staatsbibliothek -- L.angl.o.31-e(4#5
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11714963-3

5.

THE
LAW OF JAVA:

A Play,

IN THREE ACTS;

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

FIRST PERFORM'D

At the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

SATURDAY, MAY '11, 1822.



THE OVERTURE, AND MUSICK, BY MR. BISHOP.

London:

PRINTED FOR W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL,
Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill.

PRICE THREE-SHILLINGS.

1822.

THE

LAW OF JURY

ABSTRACT

OF THE

IN THE

THE JURY IS A BODY OF MEN CHARGED WITH THE DUTY OF FINDING THE FACTS IN A CASE

AND OF RETURNING A VERDICT ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE

THE JURY IS A BODY OF MEN CHARGED WITH THE DUTY OF FINDING THE FACTS IN A CASE

AND OF RETURNING A VERDICT ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE

IN THE

At the Court of King's Bench, London, in the year 1873.

THE JURY IS A BODY OF MEN CHARGED WITH THE DUTY OF FINDING THE FACTS IN A CASE

AND OF RETURNING A VERDICT ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE

THE JURY IS A BODY OF MEN CHARGED WITH THE DUTY OF FINDING THE FACTS IN A CASE

AND OF RETURNING A VERDICT ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE

THE JURY IS A BODY OF MEN CHARGED WITH THE DUTY OF FINDING THE FACTS IN A CASE

AND OF RETURNING A VERDICT ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. SIMPSON AND R. MARSHALL

CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hurry in which (from unavoidable circumstances) the following pages have pass'd through the Press, may plead, it is hoped, in excuse for any typographical errors which may occur in them.

“ The existence of the Upas-tree, (in Java) and the noxious powers of its gums, and vapours, are certain. Travellers, and naturalists, have mention'd trees of the same destructive nature in other places.”

London Magazine, 1873.

“ It was by corrupting and bribing the Chiefs, and sowing disunion among them, that the Dutch succeeded in dismembering

an empire already shaken, at the period of their arrival, by the constant wars which attended the establishment of Mahometanism.

Raffles's History of Java, vol. 1, page 297.

Foersch, a Dutch Surgeon, publish'd (about the year 1774) an account of the Upas-Tree, and of the manner in which Criminals, in Java, were sent to it, for the purpose of obtaining it's poison;---an account intended to pass for matter of fact, and which is, now, exploded, as a fiction. *Foersch's* narrative, however, suggested the idea of writing the Drama which is, here, submitted to the reader.

The Author of the Play has drudged through sundry annals, relative to Java; and has merely made use of their leading features, without respect to chronology:—but the *time* of action (according to the *place* given it, in

the Play,) cannot, fairly, be supposed later than the year 1742; at which period the Emperor of Java removed from *Kérta Súra*, to the new capital, called *Súra Kérta*.

Whoever wishes to know more on this subject, is referred to the excellent Work of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles.

The Plot of the Play (such as it is) is, entirely, of the Author's invention.

G. C.

P.S. A few passages which are, here, printed, have been omitted, (for brevity's sake,) in the representation.

the Play,) cannot fairly be supposed later than the year 1742; at which period the Emperor of Java removed from Akyah to the new capital, called Java Akyah.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Whoever wishes to know more on this sub-

ject is referred to the excellent Works of Sir

William Jones, Bart. Esq. &c. &c. &c.

The Plot of the Play (such as it is) is en-

tirely of the Author's invention.

G. C.

Printed, have been omitted, (for brevity's

sake) in the representation.

P. S. A few passages which are here

printed, have been omitted, (for brevity's

sake) in the representation.

Printed, have been omitted, (for brevity's

sake) in the representation.

Printed, have been omitted, (for brevity's

sake) in the representation.

Printed, have been omitted, (for brevity's

sake) in the representation.

Printed, have been omitted, (for brevity's

sake) in the representation.

Printed, have been omitted, (for brevity's

sake) in the representation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Emperor of Java		Mr. ABBOTT.
Agib, (<i>Captain of the Imperial Prisons</i>)	.	Mr. DURUSEF.
Grumbick (<i>under Jailor</i>)		Mr. ATKINS.
Baspa { (<i>Black Eunuchs of the Emperor's</i>)	}	Mr. ISAACS.
Cojo { (<i>Haram</i>)		Mr. BARNES.
Parbaya (<i>a Native of Macassar</i>)	. . .	Mr. YOUNG.
Orzinga (<i>a Mahometan Priest</i>)		Mr. YATES.
Major Van Glozen	{ (<i>a Commander of troops</i> <i>in the service of the Dutch</i> <i>East India Company</i>)	Mr. FAWCETT.
Hans Gayvelt	{ (<i>Van Glozen's nephew, and</i> <i>a Cadet</i>)	Mr. JONES.
Snickersnee (<i>a Serjeant in the Dutch service</i>)		Mr. COMER.
Pengoose (<i>English Servant to Hans Gayvelt</i>)		Mr. LISTON.
Zaïde	{ (<i>Females of the Emperor's</i> <i>Haram</i>)	Miss TREE.
Nourjadee		Miss STEPHENS.

Male and Female Slaves, Guards, Eunuchs,

Singers, Dancers, and other Retainers in the Court of the
Emperor of Java.

Soldiers in the service of the Dutch East India Company.

SCENE—*Kérta-Súra, and a desolate Tract, in the
Island of Java.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The Emperor of Java Mr. Abbott.
 Ajib, (Captain of the Imperial Troops) Mr. Burnant.
 Grimbeck (under Jailer) Mr. Atkins.
 Bapa } (Black Eunuchs of the Emperor's) } Mr. Isaacs.
 Cojo } (Harem) } Mr. Barnes.
 Parbaya (a Native of Macassar) Mr. Young.
 Orisinga (a Malaccan Priest) Mr. Yates.
 Major Van Glazen } (a Commander of troops)
 } in the service of the Dutch } Mr. Lawrence.
 } East India Company.
 Hans Geyver } (Van Glazen's nephew and
 } a Cadet) } Mr. Jones.
 Snickersne (a Sergeant in the Dutch service) Mr. Connor.
 Pongoso (English Sergeant to Hans Geyver) Mr. Liston.
 Naide } (Favourite of the Emperor's) } Miss Trapp.
 Nourjades } (Harem) } Miss Stephens.
 Male and Female Slaves, Guards, Eunuchs,
 Singers, Dancers, and other Retainers in the Court of the
 Emperor of Java.
 Soldiers in the service of the Dutch East India Company.
 Scene—Kerta-Sura, and a desolate tract, in the
 Island of Java.

THE
LAW OF JAVA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*A square Court, in the Palace of the
Emperor of Java, at Kérta-Súra.*

*The Exterior of the Buildings which form the
Court, is of a Cane. In one part of the Scene,
is the door of the Guard-Room belonging to the
Dutch East India Company.*

*[Dutch Soldiers are discover'd seated round a table, and
drinking.]*

GLEE.—*Dutch Soldiers.*

Mynheer Vandunck, though he never was drunk,
Sipp'd Brandy and Water, gaily;
And he quench'd his thirst with two quarts of the
To a pint of the latter, daily; [first,
Singing, "Oh, that a Dutchman's Draught could be
As deep as the rolling Zuyder-Zee!"

Water well mingled with spirit, good store,
No Hollander dreams of scorning;
But, of water alone, he drinks no more

Than a rose supplies,
When a dew-drop lies
On its bloom, in a summer morning;
For a Dutchman's Draught should potent be,
Though deep as the rolling Zuyder-Zee.

Enter SERGEANT.

SERG. Hey, the duyvil! has the liquor brew'd a storm in your stomachs, that your throats thunder so?

1st SOLD. Only wetting our whistles, master sergeant.

SERG. I've told you, over and over again, that sotting, in this hot climate, is death.

2nd SOLD. Not by the articles of war.

SERG. No, but by the particles of spirit. I take a dram now and then myself; but, then, 'tis in moderation;—every other hour, perhaps; but you are guzzling all day long.

1st SOLD. Else we should drop; this island of Java would swelter a Salamander. 'Tis drinking that keeps us up.

SERG. Quite the contrary; 'tis you that keep up drinking. The doctor of the regiment has kill'd himself by it; but that was out of zeal for the service.

SOLD. How so?

SERG. Why, he bid you be sober; but, as he couldn't please you with his advice, he tippled till he dropp'd off, to terrify you by his example.

SOLD. A new way of doing us good!

SERG. Not at all; many patients' lives have been saved by the death of their doctor.

VAN GLOZEN. [*calling*] Sergeant Snickersnee!

SERG. Theres the Major! Beat a retreat into the guard-room;—if he finds you here he'll—

Enter MAJOR GERALD VAN GLOZEN.

[*As he enters the soldiers go away.*]

VAN GLOZEN. [*speaking as he enters*] Why, Sergeant, I say! Oh, here you are, and—Eh! [*sees the bottles which the soldiers have quitted*] What, those fellows have been at their old work? I'll

have 'em all dosed with salt and water; if they drink like dolphins, it shall be in the same liquor.

SERG. They've been making merry a little, your honour, that's all.

VAN GLOZ. All! what can they do worse? I'm a Hollander myself, and know that nothing short of a gallon can make a Dutchman merry. By the time he has conquer'd his phlegm, he's within five minutes of tumbling under the table.

SERG. Why, your honour, I've just been trying to persuade them to—

VAN GLOZ. You're a blockhead. *Persuade* soldiers of the Dutch East India Company to do their duty! They must be *made* to do it. I suppose, if you went about with a bear, you'd *petition* him to dance, instead of poking him up with a pole. No letters from head quarters this morning?

SERG. Nothing, yet, from Batavia, Major.

VAN GLOZ. Very strange I hear nothing from my nephew! He should have arrived from Holland a month ago. [*a horn is sounded*] There! despatches just come in. Run, Snickersnee, and receive them.

[*Exit* SERG.]

Commanding the detachment here, in the Emperor of Java's palace, is tiresome enough; but this comes of my being clever. Dutch soldiers, to protect his tawny Emperorship from his enemies, would be nothing without a politician at the head of 'em, to lead him by his copper nose.

Re-enter SERGEANT.

SERG. A letter from Batavia. [*presents it, and retires a few paces.*]

VAN GLOZ. [*reads the superscription*] "To Major Gerald Van Glozen, at Kérta-Súra." I don't know the hand, so it may be my nephew's; for I've seen no other specimen of his writing than

his pothooks and hangers, when he went to school at Schoonhoven. [*breaking open the letter*] Let me look at the name at the bottom—"Hans Gayvelt"—Egad, 'tis he!—he's landed in Java! Now, if he should prove what I wish him,—grave, prudent, politick, and, above all, respectful to *me*, I shall make the young dog's fortune. [*begins to read the letter*] "Dear Nunk"—Nunk—Umph! That's not a mighty respectful beginning.—"I landed five days ago at Batavia, and was presented in my flashy new uniform"—Poh! rot his flashy new uniform!—"New uniform, to the Governor"—I wish I could have been there to introduce him; it would have relieved him from some of the bashful awkwardness that younkers feel, on these occasions. [*resuming the letter*] "Presented—um—um—to the Governor; who is such a rum codger to look at"—The Governor a rum codger!—"that I could hardly keep my countenance."—A cursed impudent countenance I'm afraid it is!—"He order'd me off to join you instantly at Kérta-Súra; so I scrawl this within a few miles of you; and, on the heels of my letter, expect, dear Nunk,"—Nunk again! "to see your affectionate nephew,

HANS GAYVELT."

Umph!—my affectionate nephew, with his flashy new uniform, will turn out a shallow coxcomb, I fancy.—Stay, here's a postscript. [*reads again*] "I forward this by my servant, an Englishman, whom I pick'd up in great distress in Holland. He keeps a Journal, and has a taste for writing *Tours*."—An English Tourist to wait on a Dutch Cadet, and brush his regimentals!—Snicker-snee!

SERG. [*advancing*] Your honour—

VAN GLOZ. What sort of a man is the bearer of this epistle?

SERG. A spy, I think, your honour.

VAN GLOZ. The devil you do! Why?

SERG. He asks so many questions about the place; and claps all down in a book.

VAN GLOZ. Aye, aye; I know.—Send him to me.

SERG. Guarded?

VAN GLOZ. No.

SERG. Humph!

[Exit SERGEANT.

VAN GLOZ. This boy provokes me. I want him subtle, and find him flighty.—Instead of a sly, smooth-spoken, long-headed lad, to push his way in the world, according to my instructions, he begins by calling the Governor, Codger, and his maternal uncle, patron, and commanding officer, Nunk. I'll con over his letter once more. [*sits on one of the seats, which the soldiers have left at the table, and silently re-peruses the letter.*]

Enter SERGEANT conducting PENGOOSE, who has a memorandum-book and pencil in his hand.

SERG. That's the Major.

Exit.

PENG. Thank you. He's busy; I'll look over my notes. [*reads in his book*] Reach'd Kérta-Súra at half-past eleven, *a.m.* Very sultry—mopp'd face all along the road.—Saw a tiger. *Nota bene*—hot weather promotes perspiration—so does a tiger."

VAN GLOZ. [*over his letter*] Hem!

PENG. [*looking round*] Eh? only hemm'd; husky, perhaps. [*reads again*] Emperor of Java's palace built of bamboo—*query*—whether bamboo isn't young mahogany? Dutch troops white—Emperor's own guards, mostly black guards.

VAN GLOZ. [*rising, and putting the letter in his pocket*] No, I can discover nothing to do away my first impression. [*turns to Pengoose*] Soh! you are my nephew's servant, it seems.

PENG. Yes, sir, his servant—and your *humble* servant. [*bowing*]

VAN GLOZ. He has been rather slow on his journey from Batavia; but he rested, of course, at Samarang.

PENG. Samarang? Samar—[*refers to his book*] Slept at Samarang one night; fine factory there; eggs for breakfast—one musty.

VAN GLOZ. Oh curse your journal! Look ye, friend, you shall be put upon the muster-roll, that you may receive pay.

PENG. Pay! I've no objection to that.

VAN GLOZ. No, I'll be sworn. My nephew, being but a cadet, must be economical; so you shall be drill'd as a soldier, and wait upon him as a private, in the East-India Company's service.

PENG. Drill'd as a soldier! that may be through the body. I *have* an objection to that.

VAN GLOZ. Are you a coward?

PENG. N—no; but I'm writing my travels; and I should be glad to read them in print myself.

VAN GLOZ. That's more than any body else will, I believe;—but what's to hinder you?

PENG. Why a soldier's *M.S.* runs a risk, every day, of coming out as a posthumous publication.

VAN GLOZ. Oh, I'll answer for it, in your case, that the author will live quite as long as his works.

PENG. Then, may be, I'm not to go into active service; only do duty here, about the palace. A kind of Dutch Beefeater, perhaps.

VAN GLOZ. Dont be too sure of that. What's your name?

PENG. Pengoose;—baptised Anacharsis. My father kept a book-stall, in the city of Oxford;—seated on the river Isis; contains twenty colleges, five halls, and sends four members to Parliament.

VAN GLOZ. Pshaw! there you were born, I suppose,—that's enough.

PENG. Well, there I was born, and bred.

VAN GLOZ. Bred! what, did you go to College?

PENG. Yes, with my mother.

VAN GLOZ. Hey! did your mother go to College, too?

PENG. Yes; she was a bedmaker, and I was a scout;—so, between the book-stall and the University, I was nursed, as I may say, in the very bosom of the Muses.

VAN GLOZ. That accounts for your being half starved. The milk of the Muses is nothing but cat-lap. How came you to wander so far from home?

PENG. A gentleman commoner, of Brazen Nose, took me to wait upon him, in a trip to Holland, during the long vacation; and, when we got there, he eloped one morning out of a two pair of stairs window, with Mrs. Schloffenbottle;—a Dutch beauty, as fat as butter, whose heart he had melted.

VAN GLOZ. And left you without a stiver?

PENG. At Amsterdam—Capital of all the Dutch Netherlands, govern'd by twenty-four counsellors and twelve burgomasters, four of whom are always sitting.

VAN GLOZ. So there my nephew found you, and brought you to Java.

PENG. An Island of Asia, south of the Equator, famous for mangos, and cock sparrows, and—

VAN GLOZ. Hold your tongue. I shall place you in the regiment, directly: you'll receive fourteen guilders a month; more than you'll ever get by book-making in a century.

[SERGEANT *is crossing the Court.*
Here, Sergeant—*[talks apart with the Sergeant]*

PENG. Then, I'm a martial character! I must write commentaries, like Julius Cæsar. *[writes in his journal]* Commenced a career of Dutch glory, at fourteen guilders a month, under Major Gerald Van Glozen—

VAN GLOZ. *[to the Sergeant]* Rate him as I tell

you; and put him into the regimental clothing immediately. [*turns from the Sergeant towards Pengoose*]

PENG. [*still writing*] Mem: Major Van Glozen, a remarkable ugly old Officer—

VAN GLOZ. Why, you impudent baboon! I've a great mind to break every bone in your skin.

PENG. [*writes*] And passionate. Beg pardon; but I've promised, in my preface, to tell nothing but truth.

VAN GLOZ. Truth, you scoundrel! I'll—

HANS GAYVELT. [*without*] My uncle, the Major, is this way, you say.

PENG. That's my master's voice.

VAN GLOZ. Then let me hear no more of yours. Sergeant Snickersnee, march him away.

SERJ. Come, Mynheer

PENG. Yaw, Mynheer. What an advertisement this will make for my book! Travels, by Anacharsis Pengoose, of Brazen Nose College, Oxford; with a full length portrait of the author, in Dutch regimentals!

[*Exit with Sergeant.*]

Enter HANS GAYVELT.

HANS. [*running to Van Glozen, and embracing him*] My dear Nunk! how happy I am to embrace you!

VAN GLOZ. [*disengaging himself*] Well, well, don't be so impetuous. I am glad to see you, nephew.—He's a fine looking fellow, that's the truth on't. [*aside*] You've shot up so, I shouldn't have known you again.

HANS. And I should have known you out of a thousand.

VAN GLOZ. Should you?

HANS. I should;—tho' 'tis twelve years since you came to see me at school, and gave me a rix dollar. All the school-boys have remember'd you, too.

VAN GLOZ. The deuce they have!

HANS. They plagued me every day, about the queer cock'd hat you wore then—do you recollect it?

VAN GLOZ. I can't say that I do.

HANS. It cut thro' the air, as you waddled up the school, like a flying coal-skuttle, and they nick-named you old Split-the-wind.

VAN GLOZ. You, and the young gentlemen, have a mighty tenacious memory! However, I'm glad you do'nt forget me.

HANS. Forget you!—that's impossible. Hav'n't you put me in the way of getting my head broke, honourably, abroad, instead of idling my time, disreputably, at home? Have'nt you call'd me away from being a burden to my mother, when the dear soul can hardly support herself?—Forget you! no, no; you have relieved the widow, protected the son, and, while I have a heart, I never *can* forget you.

VAN GLOZ. Come, he's not, altogether, the shallow coxcomb I expected. Hans, give me your hand. [*shakes hands*] I like your gratitude—gratitude is a good thing—that is, with due discretion. But, don't be too full of your heart with all the world:—You may show yourself grateful to *me*, and—

HANS. And, to every body, more or less, who does me a service. Whoever is truly kind to so poor a devil as Hans Gayvelt, I've a very short speech for him, but a very long attachment.

VAN GLOZ. Aye, aye, you're a young man; but, for the purposes of life—however, we'll talk of that by and by.—How have you left all friends in Holland?

HANS. All well;—and excepting the melancholy event, that—

VAN GLOZ. Melancholy event!—what do you mean?

HANS. Then, he hasn't heard of—[*aside*—Have you had no intelligence from home?

VAN GLOZ. Not for a great length of time. The last despatches were sunk at sea, off the Cape,

HANS. I must break it to him myself. [*aside*] I am sorry to be the bearer of bad news; but—six months ago,—my poor aunt—

VAN GLOZ. Your aunt!—What, Mrs. Van Glozen?

HANS. Yes,—your wife; she's—

VAN GLOZ. What, gone?

HANS. She is no more! [*with feeling*]

VAN GLOZ. Umph! [*a short pause*] Well, you're a good lad, for looking so blank about it;—but, cheer up;—you see I bear it like a philosopher, and so should you.

HANS. Well, then, upon my soul, your philosophy quite surprises me!

VAN GLOZ. We mustn't grieve for ever; sorrow subsides by time; and my loss, by your account, is of six months standing;—so, to divert affliction, let me give you some advice, relative to your conduct in Java.

HANS. With all my heart; for I know nothing about your affairs here.

VAN GLOZ. They lie in a nutshell. You've heard the vulgar proverb—give an inch, and take an ell.

HANS. Yes; but I don't much admire its principles.

VAN GLOZ. That proverb is just the history of this Dutch settlement.

HANS. How?

VAN GLOZ. Why we began—that is, our Dutch forefathers began,—by opening a trade here, with the Islanders:—no harm in that.

HANS. No, certainly; that was all fair, on our parts.

VAN GLOZ. To be sure;—well, the old native

Kings, with an Emperor at the head of 'em, gave us ground to build our factories upon;—so, from year to year, they gave and gave, and we built and built,—inch by inch, as it were;—you understand?

HANS. Yes; and for every inch, you took an ell, I suppose.

VAN GLOZ. Ahem!—Well, the factories flourish'd and, to guard us against rivals, they allow'd us to build forts, and maintain soldiers of our own. Well, it wasn't long, before the natives, who had given us *their* assistance, wanted *ours*.

HANS. Surely, we couldn't have been rascally enough to deny it?

VAN GLOZ. Deny it?—no, no!—we did assist them, and do assist them, still, thick and three-fold.

HANS. In which way?

VAN GLOZ. By setting 'em at loggerheads—keeping them in war, and hot water, among themselves;—And then we side with whichever party best suits our interests.

HANS. Whew!

VAN GLOZ. Aye,—policy, don't you see? What, you would never have thought of that, younker, eh?

HANS. That's my stupidity; I confess, I never should have hit upon stirring up my benefactors to cut one another's throats. But what has been the consequence?

VAN GLOZ. That the Dutch Company is thousands and thousands a year the richer for it.

HANS. Yes, the Dutch Company;—but don't you think, Nunk, that the natives, here, would be better by your room, than your company?

VAN GLOZ. Poh! I tell you we are their firm friends: They have suffer'd our troops to grow strong, with a view to our helping them, in their attacks upon one another,—and we *do* help them!

HANS. Aye, you play off one king against another, to answer your own purposes.

VAN GLOZ. Right; and we are now so skilful at the game, that we can check-mate a king, whenever we please. Clever, isn't it, eh?

HANS. Prodigiously: So under pretence of being their protectors, you have made them your slaves.

VAN GLOZ. Slaves? Oh fy!—they are all arbitrary sovereigns. We only humbly advise them, and keep watch over their affairs; but we are down to the ground to them, whenever we approach the royal presence.

HANS. Mighty respectful and affectionate, upon my word!

VAN GLOZ. At present, we take part with the Emperor; he's at war with the king of Bantam; and, that he may never be at a loss for his faithful defenders, we keep a strong Dutch garrison close to his gate. What think you of that, Hans, eh?

HANS. Think? Curse me, if ever I heard of such a parcel of knaves!

VAN GLOZ. Knaves, you blockhead! be pleased to recollect, sir, who I am;—Knaves, indeed!—An't I in command here?

HANS. Then, Nunk, you're at the head of 'em.

VAN GLOZ. Oons!—and, Nunk, too!—Sir, I am Major Van Glozen, and your commanding officer.

HANS. Well, then, Major Van Glozen, or what you please, all I say is, that, if this be your school of policy, I have no ambition to become a pupil.

VAN GLOZ. You have'nt?

HANS. No; if you brought me over here, to accomplish me for the game you have been describing; to embroil a parcel of poor half-savages, in return for their hospitality,—to crawl at their feet, while I am fettering their hands,—to aggravate the baseness of treachery, by the meanness of fawning,—you'll find me the dullest scholar that ever came into your seminary.

VAN GLOZ. I have a great mind, young gentleman, to put you under arrest for this.

HANS. Wherever you put me, I shall still feel that you have been generous to me; and that, while I love you for your goodness to my poor mother, and myself, I grieve to see the impulses of such a nature turn'd from its course, by worldly policy. Damn it, Nunk!—Major, I mean,—be virtuous, if you can;—pray do!

VON GLOZ. Deuce take the boy! I don't know whatto make of him. [*aside*]

Enter SERGEANT.

SERG. The Emperor will give audience in ten minutes, Major.

VAN GLOZ. Very well.

Exit SERGEANT.

VAN GLOZ. I meant to have introduced you, to-day, to the Emperor;—but, I suppose you are too honest to attend his Court, under the present system.

HANS. Why, yes, I'm honest;—but, if I go in your company, perhaps they'll let me in, Major.

VAN GLOZ. Well, sir, you may follow me to the Emperor;—and, now, look ye Mr. Hans Gayvelt;—finding you had not one doit to rub against another, I invited you here, to make your fortune—

HANS. I acknowledge it with——

HAN GLOZ. Give me leave.—Take a few days' reflection; it may bring down your heroicks to the level of plain prudence;—if not, take a trip back again;—and, when you get home, ask your mother whether it is more honourable for you to rise in the world, under my care, or, to be, as you say, a burden to the poor dear soul, who can hardly support herself. *Exit.*

HANS. Aye, there he has me;—my mother!—but I may see my way better here soon; and be able,

perhaps, to please the old boy, without passive obedience to his doctrine. Plague on this Machiavelism! it claps a kind of professional extinguisher upon a man's conscience;—and Nunk, though a mighty upright private gentleman, would swindle the Great Mogul out of his umbrella.

Enter PENGGOOSE, in a Dutch Soldier's Uniform.

PENG. Your uncle says you must come after him, directly.

HANS. Pengoose! Who the devil has squeezed your authorship into that jacket?

PENG. Sergeant Snickersnee.—Tis rather too tight, but I shall fall away;— what with the drilling, and the diet, it will fit like a sack in a fortnight.

HANS. But, what's the meaning of this metamorphosis?

PENG. Economy.—I'm to get pay, for waiting on you, instead of wages. So the Major has made me a fighting valet-de-chambre.

HANS. Rather out of your line;—you'll never learn your exercise.

PENG. I've just had one lesson; but it's plaguy contradictory.

HANS. How so?

PENG. Why, in beginning a march, your left leg is the right; but, in carrying a firelock, your right shoulder is the wrong.

HANS. Well, you may get on by practice; at all events, you are provided for, whatever becomes of me.

PENG. You! you are provided for, too; aren't you?

HANS. That's not quite so certain;—I may not stay long in this country.

PENG. Then, no more shall I:—I've made a *Nota Bene* in my book, that, wherever you travel, I must be your agreeable companion.

HANS. When did you make that note, Pengoose?

PENG. When you saved me from starving, at Amsterdam :—Capital of the Dutch Netherlands, govern'd by twenty-four——

HANS. Aye, I've heard that before :—But you are a soldier now ; you can't desert.

PENG. Never my best friend ; so, when you go, I go.

HANS. You're an honest fellow ; and that's a rarity here, I believe. Oh ! Nunk ! Nunk ! while you are undermining the natives, here, who have foster'd us, turn your head away from this poor fellow's sense of benefit, and hide the blushes of a politician ! *Exit.*

PENG. Not stay here long ! Well, the country is not over inviting ; the natives are mostly mongrels ; Malays, Negroes, Chinese, Topasses, and a jumble of all sorts. —And, as to their live-stock ; let me see—(*refers to his journal.*)—Ferocious and frightful animals—all the beasts in the woods, and crocodiles in the rivers ;—Tame, and tempting animals,—three hundred concubines in the emperor's haram. What a subject for a tourist ! —but there's only one way of describing women.

SONG.—*Pengoose.*

1.

When a Tourist describes her, each Female expects
That some charm he'll extract from her downright defects :

In her Squint, a soft languish can, sure, be discern'd,

And her Leg, though of wood, may be mighty-well turn'd.

2.

Should her Visage exhibit too much of the Rose
Praise the bloom in her Cheek, and stop short a' her Nose ;

And, if Ladies have Noses like Aces of Clubs,
Call them arch-looking Angels,—but don't talk of
Snubs.

3.

Of a Charmer, whose teeth Absentees we may
style,
Say, how sweetly she purses her lips in a smile!
And, when her red locks into ringlets she twirls,
Not a word of her Carrots—but cry up her Curls.

4.

In your Book, let the virtuous Fair, of each Nation,
Be printed with Notes of deserved Admiration;
While they, whose *faux pas* furnish Scandal with
data,
Need only be mention'd among the *Errata*.

SCENE II.

*A Splendid Apartment in the Emperor of
Java's Palace, furnish'd, and decora-
ted, with the utmost magnificence, and
Asiatick splendor.*

*The Emperor is seated on a cushion, surmounted
by a canopy: he is surrounded by male and
female Slaves, and Attendants; several of whom
are dancing before him, in groups, as the Scene
opens.—Among the females, Zaide and Nourja-
dee are conspicuous.*

EMPEROR.

Break off!—it wearies me: [*dancing ceases*] I
sicken on
These ever gorgeous revels.—There is nought,
That wealth procures, to gratify the sense,
Which palls not him who pampers on it daily.
Can none among you, with some fresh device,
Pleasing, yet plain, and little known to pomp,
Give a new zest to appetite?

NOURJADEE.

So please you,
 There is an Indian melody, that Zaïde
 And I have lately learn'd,—a homely strain,—
 Which would your Highness hear, — —

EMPEROR.

Is't sad, or merry ?

NOURJADEE.

A tale of sadness.

EMPEROR.

Then, it is unlike
 Your temper, Nourjadee,— or I mistake
 The frolick sunshine sparkling in that eye.

NOURJADEE.

I'd rather laugh than weep.

EMPEROR.

Come, sing it, warblers!
 Whate'er you sing, together, must be sweet,
 Who pour your melodies so sweet asunder.

DUET.—*Nourjadee and Zaïde.*

Was it the Nightingale's note of love,
 Or was it the zephyr on roses playing,
 That lured her so late to the musky grove,
 Or was it that Selim there was staying?
 'Twas her troth to plight,
 Ere he march'd to fight;
 And this was Abra's plaintive lay,—
 “ My heart is heavy! Well-a-day!”

While they were uttering vows of truth,
 While they were wishing they ne'er cou'd sever,
 A Tiger leapt on the luckless youth,
 And Selim was torn away for ever!
 Oh! her reason is gone;
 But, when night comes on,
 Still Abra sings her plaintive lay,—
 “ My heart is heavy! Well-a-day!”

EMPEROR (*rising.*)

Thanks,—thanks to both:—but tell me truly,
Zaïde,—

Sang you against your wish? Were not the notes
Forced from those rosy lips, by my command?

ZAÏDE.

'Twere wrong to murmur, at commands so slight;
Therefore, believe me, Sir, each note was willing.

EMPEROR.

So would I have your favour:—I have sued,
With fruitless ardour, where I might compel.
Nay, fear not;—'ere my wishes can be crown'd,
Your love must be spontaneous as your song.

ZAÏDE.

I am your slave, Sir;—wrung with secret sorrows:
Hearts swoln with grief, have little room for love.

Enter an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.

The Chief of the Batavian Guard attends
Upon you Highness' leisure.

EMPEROR.

Give him entrance.

Exit Attendant.

The Women retire; the Slaves of the Seraglio accompanying them. VAN GLOZEN is introduced by the Attendants in Waiting, follow'd by HANS GAYVELT.—VAN GLOZEN makes a profound obeisance as he enters.

VAN GLOZEN.

Hail, mighty Emperor!
Sapient as powerful, and good as great,
I kiss your garment's hem? (*prostrates himself.*)

HANS (*aside.*)

Oh, curse his cringing!

EMPEROR.

Once, and again, I greet you; for your sword
Defends me, while I profit by your counsel;
And double service claims a double welcome.

HANS (*aside.*)

Yes,—Nunk's a double dealer, that is certain.

VAN GLOZEN.

I do my best;—can fight upon occasion;—
But mere dry blows, so please your Majesty,
Ensure no lasting safety for your Empire.

EMPEROR.

That lesson you have taught me, good Van Glozen;
And, therefore, do I take you to my bosom;
Make you the Steersman of my State, and shape
My course by your direction.

HANS (*aside.*)

And he'll run
Your ship aground, to cheat you of the cargo.

EMPEROR (*speaking apart to VAN GLOZEN.*)

How think you?—the despatch that came, last
night,
Is from the foe;—he sues for peace, and amity.

VAN GLOZEN.

Hum! Peace!—Why peace is a good thing, if
made
On good conditions.

EMPEROR.

There, you must advise me.

VAN GLOZEN.

You cannot trust the foe; he'll prove perfidious.
Pardon me,—I am blunt;—but, mighty Sir,
Beware of hollow friends, who proffer kindness,
To do you mischief;—there are many such.

EMPEROR.

I think I can distinguish——

VAN GLOZEN.

None so well;
Among the wise, your Majesty is wisest;—
And, yet, the wisest may be taken in.

EMPEROR.

We ne'er shall close this war, then.

VAN GLOZEN.

I have hit on't:—

Whate'er your terms may be, rivet them tight.
Stipulate, therefore, for your keeping forts,
And Men at Arms, within, and round his kingdom.

EMPEROR.

I have not troops to——

VAN GLOZEN.

Troops!—Oh! do not, Sir,
Wrong my poor Countrymen in your opinion!
Your good Allies, the Dutch East India Company,
Will send you trusty Hollanders in plenty,—
Both for your own and rival's territories.

EMPEROR (*pondering.*)

I may embrace this offer.

VAN GLOZEN (*aside.*)

And, if so,
We shall hold fast two gudgeons on one hook.

EMPEROR.

We will discourse on this again, to-morrow.
Who is the gallant European, yonder,
You bring to Court?

VAN GLOZEN.

My nephew, Sir;—Hans Gayvelt;—
From Holland;—just arrived, to join the Army:
A young Cadet;—his first ambition is
To serve your Majesty;—he's like his Uncle!

EMPEROR.

Let him approach.

VAN GLOZEN.

Nephew,—the Emperor
Commands you to do homage.

(*Handing him over to the Emperor*)

Mind your bow!

Down to the ground, you rascal! (*apart.*)

HANS.

I shall do it

In my own way. (*apart.*)

A little dumb show here, between the Uncle and Nephew.

HANS kneels on one knee to the Emperor.

VAN GLOZEN (*while HANS is kneeling.*)

My Nephew, Sir, is raw,
Unused to forms at Court; and somewhat daunted
In so august a presence.

EMPEROR.

Rise, young man. (HANS rises.)
 Your Uncle's credit with me, is your passport
 To my protection;—and we must advance you.

VAN GLOZEN. (*apart.*)

Bow,—bow again:—Confound him, he's as stiff
 As a Dutch kitchen-poker!

EMPEROR.

In due time,
 Your judgment will be ripen'd;—Say,—if, then,
 I should require your counsel, would you give it
 With a true heart?

HANS.

That duty I should owe
 To my own honour, Sir: those Counsellors
 Who, like the hollow friends my Uncle speaks of,
 Abuse a Monarch's confidence, forget,
 In wronging him, how they debase themselves.

VAN GLOZEN. (*aside.*)

A sneering coxcomb! that's a fling at me!

Enter an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.

A prisoner, Sir, awaits your Highness' doom.

EMPEROR.

Who is the prisoner?

ATTENDANT.

One, who, late last night,
 Was ta'en within the precincts of the Haram.

EMPEROR.

Indeed!—a bold one!—how was he discover'd?

ATTENDANT.

The moon had ris'n; and, as the clock struck
 twelve,
 He dropp'd from Zaïde's window.

EMPEROR.

How!—from Zaïde's!—

She, who so coy—go, bring the prisoner here;—
 Too full of grief, forsooth, for love!—so calm,
 E'en now, too, in my presence;—but, perhaps,
 She knows not, yet,—knows Zaïde of this capture?

ATTENDANT.

Not as we think :—Zaïde had left the window,
'Ere he was seized.

EMPEROR.

Let her be close confined,
Within the western tower ; (*an attendant goes out*) and place the slave,
Her paramour, before me, instantly.

(Exit Attendant.)

VAN GLOZEN.

So please you, we'll withdraw.

EMPEROR.

No, tarry here :

This wretch must die ;—as 'tis a crime of State,
He must be guarded, ere his death, by one
Expected soon to rise in royal favour ;
And to your nephew's care the criminal
Shall be consign'd,

HANS (*apart*).

A fine first step to honours,—
To be promoted to the place of Jailer !
My prospect to the Privy Council lies
A long way in perspective !

VAN GLOZEN (*apart to HANS.*)

I'll go bid
A guard of Hollanders march hither, to you,
To take away the Culprit.—Hark ye, Hans ;—
None of your flights, now, of romance, and pity,
And generosity, and deuce knows what,
To let the prisoner go. (*Exit.*)

HANS.

So ! here he comes.

Enter PARBAYA, guarded, and heavily fetter'd.

EMPEROR.

Now, slave !—the facts, to certify your guilt,
Have been so clear, that you stand here for sen-
tence.

Ere we declare it, have you aught to plead,
In mitigation ?

PARBAYA.

Nought that will avail me.
 The Haram is a temple consecrate
 To your voluptuous tyranny, and rapine :
 'Tis there the pirate, and the harden'd drudge,
 Who, scarcely human, trades in human kind,
 Transfer their helpless merchandise, to cloy
 The throned monopolist of loathing beauty.
 Thither I ventured ;—and, I know, 'tis death
 To violate that seat of violation.

EMPEROR.

Insolent dullard ! you provoke your judge
 To aggravate your pangs of death, by tortures.

PARBAYA.

The righteous Judge is dead to provocation :
 But, when a Despot, fired with jealous vengeance,
 Sits to decide his favour'd rival's fate,
 There cannot be a man more prone to torture,
 Or more unfit to fill the seat of justice.

EMPEROR.

Hence with him to——Yet hold !—'twere well to
 learn
 The full extent of Zaïde's treachery.
 Reveal your name.

PARBAYA.

Parbaya.

EMPEROR.

Native here ?

PARBAYA.

The native of an Indian coast : to You,
 My birth-place matters not.

EMPEROR.

Why came you hither ?

PARBAYA.

To rescue all of value I possess'd,
 That could be, now, reclaim'd,—(for some is gone,
 For ever gone !)—torn from me by a robber.

EMPEROR.

Know you the man ?

PARBAYA.

Oh, yes; a Javanese;
 Chief of his horde; the master of despoilers:
 He sent his depredators—and they pluck'd
 A treasure from me, worn about my heart,
 To place it in his casket.

EMPEROR.

Say, what treasure?

PARBAYA.

One of the dearest known to wedded life;—
 A lovely, virtuous woman.

EMPEROR.

Name her.

PARBAYA.

Zaïde;—

You know the treasure,—and I know the robber.

EMPEROR.

Zaïde your wife!

PARBAYA.

Oh! I can ne'er forget
 How bitterly we parted! on that night,
 The murmuring flood, on which the moonbeam
 play'd,
 Had lull'd her into slumber; and, beside us,
 A little Cherub slept, our pledge of love.
 'Twas then the fiends rush'd into our abode,
 Surprised our rest, and held their sabres o'er us.
 We struggled hard,—and as the boy clung to me,
 A weapon, brandish'd by some butcher's hand,
 Struck to his innocent heart.—And, think you,
 now,

To scare me with your racks? the body's torture
 Is sport to that I suffer'd,—when my wife
 Was borne to sea by ruffians, and her child,
 Still warm, lay murder'd, in his father's cot.

EMPEROR.

'Tis not for me to ask the means whereby
 Each trader has procured the slaves I purchase.
 Had Zaïde made her story known to me,

Or had you told the tale, ere your attempt
 To wrest the treasure which you might have
 craved,
 The Haram's laws, which cannot be repeal'd,
 Had not enforced me to pronounce your death.
 One chance, indeed, a slender one, for life,
 All criminals may claim.

PARBAYA.

Aye, I have heard
 Of this your cruel mercy;—'tis to seek
 That Tree of Java, which, for many a mile,
 Sheds pestilence;—for, where the Upas grows,
 It blasts all vegetation, with its own;
 And, from its desert confines, e'en those brutes
 That haunt the desert most shrink off, and tremble.
 Thence, if, by miracle, a man condemn'd
 Bring you the poison that the tree exudes,
 In which you dip your arrows for the war,
 He gains a pardon,—and the palsied wretch
 Who scaped the Upas, has escaped the Tyrant.

EMPEROR.

Be that your sentence. [*rises*] Till his march begins,
 To you he is consign'd. [*to Gayvelt*] If (spite of
 taunts
 Which you have dared to utter) pity move me,
 Still are my Empire's Laws irrevocable.

Exit. cum suis.

Manent PARBAYA and HANS GAYVELT.

[*As the EMPEROR and his SUITE go out, a GUARD of
 DUTCHMEN wheels in, headed by PENGOOSE.*]

PARBAYA. [*to Gayvelt*]

Is it your post to watch me in my dungeon?

HANS. [*affected*]

I—yes, I—curse it, I can hardly speak! (*aside*)

PARBAYA.

Come on, then! Wherefore do you hesitate?

HANS.

Because I—I was thinking,—that this place,—
 What can I say? (*aside*)—must be a little gloomy—

PARBAYA.

Do you insult my griefs?

HANS. [*earnestly*]

No, by my soul!

Pengoose, come hither! [*Pengoose comes from the ranks*] run before me; get

The sea-bed I brought over,—and some wine,—

And all the comfortables you can find,—

And cram them into this infernal dungeon.

PENGOOSE.

What, is he innocent?

HANS.

Oh damn their laws!

Yes, yes,—used barbarously;—

PENGOOSE.

Poor young fellow!

HANS.

Go, quickly now; get all I told you of.

PENGOOSE. (*going*)I'll make a *mem.* or two,—but no,—no matter;—There's an old *nota bene*, written here, [*striking his breast*]

To do my best for the unfortunate.

(*Exit.*)

HANS.

If you should try, now, to escape from prison,
How could I help it?

PARBAYA.

It were difficult

To break these chains;—and wherefore should I
break them,

Since Zaïde, now, is lost?—Another night,

And I had borne her hence!

HANS.

Come, man, take courage:—

Your chains shall feel as light as I can make
them.

PARBAYA.

Mean you so kindly? dread not my escape, then;
'Twould bring your life in peril:—there is nothing

That binds a Captive closer to his cell,
 Than fear to wrong the Guard who executes
 His cruel office with humanity.
 Yet, could I see my wife!—Oh! could I bid
 One last farewell to Zaïde!

HANS. (*After an apparent mental struggle*)

Then, by Heaven!
 If I can find the means, you shall.

PARBAYA.

See Zaïde!

HANS.

But mark me;—you're committed to my trust;
 I may shew kindness, but not lose my prisoner;
 I owe a duty, though to a barbarian.
 How to contrive this interview, as yet
 I know not;—Come;—we'll think on something,
 soon;
 Meantime, be comforted.

PARBAYA.

Oh, European!
 I cannot thank you;—you have overpower'd me!

HANS.

Now, Soldiers, march!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Haram.

Enter BASPA and COJO (two black Eunuchs of the Haram.)
BASPA is cudgelling COJO.

BASPA. Don't tell me;—I'll have better discipline. A'n't I chief of the Haram, and a'n't you my deputy?

COJO. Yes, Baspa.

BASPA. Then, how dare you, Cojo, give me the trouble to belabour you, for neglecting to do all that I have neglected myself?

COJO. The fault lies with the underlings: I'm sure I drub *my* deputy as much as you drub *me*.

BASPA. How came Jumba, the negro, to stay away, last night, from the concert?—He's the Emperor's favourite bassoon-player.

COJO. He's laid up since the serpent bit him: there's a white swelling gather'd in his knee.

BASPA. These excuses won't serve;—I can't tell the Emperor that a serpent has bit a bassoon, and a Black has a white swelling. Have you taught the new Mute to hand about the sherbet with a good grace?

COJO. Impossible;—he's too stupid for the place;—he'll never answer.

BASPA. I never knew a Mute that would. But go and bid the slaves make ready, to take Zaïde in custody, to the Western Tower, and I'll be with them, presently.

Exit COJO.

BASPA. A pretty business Zaïde has made of it!—Here comes her bosom friend, the lively Madam Nourjadee. This news will lower her gaiety a little;—but we shall have fine scolding!

Enter NOURJADEE.

NOURJ. So Baspa!—You are the knave, it seems, who inform'd against Parbaya, and Zaïde.

BASPA. 'Tis my place to inform; and there's a good round reward for the informer.

NOURJ. I wish the reward were a rope, then you would get your desert. Have you no pity?

BASPA. Nobody has more sympathy for true lovers, than I, when they don't try to defraud me of my perquisites.

NOURJ. Wretch! your heart must be as black as your face.

BASPA. Come, come, you may thank me that Zaïde's case is not your own. Agib, the Captain of the Imperial Prisons, to whose charge Zaïde

must now be given up, walks, every night, under your window.

NOURJ. His love is honourable.

BASPA. That's your affair.

NOURJ. And the gold he gives you——

BASPA. That's not your affair,—that's mine.—But this Parbaya has no gold; at least, I couldn't discover it; therefore, as in duty bound, I discover'd *him*.

NOURJ. Baspa, don't you know that one word of mine would be your death?

BASPA. And your own, and Agib's, into the bargain;—so I trust to your tender concern for me.—Neither of you could have the unkindness to peach me, at the expense of betraying yourselves.

NOURJ. Here comes Zaïde:—Away with those frightful features of yours, and leave us together.

BASPA. Aye, this bidding farewell must be very doleful to you; so I'll soon be back, with the Guard, to take her to prison.

(*Exit.*)

Enter ZAÏDE, from the interior of the Haram.

ZAÏDE (*throwing her arms round Nourjadee's neck.*) Oh! Nourjadee!

NOURJ. Come, do not give way to despair.—Your danger, dearest Zaïde, may——

ZAÏDE. *My* danger?—my husband's!—of my own I think not;—and he!—yes, he, I know, feels as I do, more for the object of his love, than for himself.

SONG.—*Zaïde.*

Dungeons and Death would lose their woes,
If Love and Friendship were unknown;
But when, immured, we think on those,
Who, for *our* fate, in anguish moan,

Then flow the tears that scald, and bring
To Chains their weight,—to Death his sting:
While Captives friendless, and forlorn,
May laugh Calamity to scorn.

NOUR. One word, before that villain, Baspa, comes back:—Keep up your spirits, dear Zaïde; and I will petition to visit you in your confinement.

ZAÏDE. Will leave be granted?

NOUR. Let us hope so;—for, even in this barbarous place, a female friend is not often refused admittance to a female Captive.

ZAÏDE. True;—so far does nature plead with the wronger for the wrong'd, and soften the savage bosom to pity an afflicted woman.

NOUR. And, then, Zaïde, if we could contrive means to—Hark! they are

Enter BASPA;—and, at different intervals of the Finale, Guards, and Women of the Haram.

FINALE.

Baspa.

Blame me not, Lady, though I wait
To lead you to your prison gate:

Born to fulfil

A master's will,

E'en as his breath propels, I sail,—

A feather, driven by the gale.

Nourjadee, and Zaïde.

Smooth Impostor! still beguiling,

Still on those you ruin smiling;

Like a glassy Sea you show,

Where rocks and quicksands lurk below.

Baspa, and Guards of the Haram.

All are ready; here we wait,

To lead you to your prison gate.

Guards of the Haram.

Away!—our lot we know:—Away!
 'Tis Power's mandate bids the Slave
 To Dungeons hence! or to the Grave!
 'Tis Slavery's duty to obey.

2.

Zaïde and Nourjadee.

To-morrow, dearest friend, to-morrow,
 I hope } to see
 Expect }
 My } Nourjadee!
 Your }
 To soothe Me } in My } sorrow.
 You } Your }

Baspa.

Be ready all!

Zaïde.

Farewell!

Nourjadee.

Adieu!

Zaïde and Nourjadee.

Ah me!—my heart,—
 And must we part?—

Yes, now we part.

}

Baspa, and Guards.

Lady, we now tarry for you.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Buildings appropriated to the Dutch Guard, in the Palace of the Emperor of Java.

The Walls of the Gallery are hung with Muskets, Lances, Scymetars, Javelins, Bows, Arrows, and other East Indian Weapons; forming a kind of Armoury.—In the back of the Scene, is the door of a Dungeon, which has a grated aperture in it; and, over the Dungeon door, are fetters, axes, and other symbols of imprisonment, and execution.

PENGOOSE is discover'd on guard; his pocket-book in one hand, and pencil in the other.

PENG. While my master is consoling poor Mr. Parbaya within, there, I've a little time for study. [*reads*] "*Tuesday—Saw prisoner into Dungeon;—Dungeon a dismal place;—Rats prefer it, the Author don't;—Trod on a Viper;—Viper agreeable to it;—Mem,—Vipers won't bite on a Tuesday.—Juice of Upas-Tree, rank poison;—Query, whether one of the ingredients in English Port?—Dutch commanding Officer—*"

VAN GLOZEN. [*without*] Go back to your quarters; I know the way, now.

PENG. There he is!—talk of the——

Enter MAJOR VAN GLOZEN.

VAN GLOZ. What are you doing here?

PEN. Me?

VAN GLOZ. Me!—a little more respect when you speak to your Commander.—What are you about?

PENG. [*getting up*] Making a few *Mems*, and like your honour.

VAN GLOZ. You are upon guard, aren't you?

PENG. Yes;—but a little off it, just as you came in, your honour.

VAN GLOZ. A pretty time to make *mems*, as you call 'em! Hark ye, Mr. Pen—what's-your-name?

PENG. Goose, and like your honour.

VAN GLOZ. If ever I catch you scrawling in that pocket-book again, I'll make you eat it. You won't be the first scribbler that has been obliged to swallow his own words. Where's your master?

PENG. In there. [*pointing to the dungeon*]

VAN GLOZ. With the criminal?

PENG. With the gentleman found guilty of loving his own wife.

VAN GLOZ. As I suspected!—in one of his fits of the heart;—his paroxysms of super-susceptibility.

PENG. He's only cheering up the poor man, a little, your honour.

VAN GLOZ. Cheering up, quotha!—he's to keep him confined, and not to keep him company. Is there no difference, booby, between prisoners and men in office?

PENG. Yes—prisoners want to get out, and men in office had rather stay in, and like your honour.

VAN GLOZ. I believe this fellow is as much knave as fool. [*aside*] Has the prisoner mention'd from what coast he comes?

PENG. [*referring to his book.*] Macassar:—rice there, in abundance:—Monkeys march on their hind legs;—and——

VAN GLOZ. I wish you were marching there, at the head of 'em. Let your master know I must speak to him.

PENG. Please your honour, he's——

VAN GLOZ. Sirrah, bid my nephew come to me directly. How dare you hesitate, when your superior officer bids you deliver a message? Thunder at the dungeon-door.

PENG. There's no knocker:—but I'll bawl thro' the bars. [*goes to the door and calls*] Sir, here's somebody wants to disturb you.

HANS GAYVELT. [*Within*] Tell him to go to the devil.

PENG. [*To V. Glozen*] Sir, my superior officer bids me deliver a message:—you must go to the devil, and like your honour.

VAN GLOZ. Fellow,—say who it is that wants him.

PENG. [*calling*] 'Tis your uncle, sir, and he won't go.

HANS GAYVELT. [*within*] I'll be with my uncle directly.

[PENGGOOSE *lets down a bar at the outside of the door, after which the unfastening of bolts is heard.*]

VAN GLOZ. Now, do you, Mr. Tourist, go and stand sentry, out yonder. And harkye,—no more memorandums—else I'll have you flay'd alive.

PENG. [*Going*] Flay'd alive!---If *You* were flay'd alive, what leaves of the right sort of skin for a pocket-book! [*aside.*]

[*Exit.*]

Enter HANS GAYVELT, from the dungeon.

HANS. Here I am, Major, at your service. What brings you to this place?

VAN GLOZ. What I'm afraid you don't deserve;—anxiety for your conduct, young gentleman.

HANS. I wish it had been anxiety for poor Parbaya;—if you had come, now, with a pardon, or a reprieve, or,—

VAN GLOZ. Pray, Sir, why are you so mighty compassionate to the prisoner?

HANS. Inquire within, Nunk, [*striking the Major's breast*] and I hope you'll get an answer;—'tis because he *is* a prisoner,—aye, and an innocent one, too.

VAN GLOZ. I suspect you mean to let him escape.

HANS. Why should you?—I owe obedience to commanders, as well as charity to the afflicted; and 'tis devilish hard to be suspected of neglecting one half of my duties, because I perform the other.

VAN GLOZ. Sir, every sinner is a saint, while he chops his own logick;—but, in plain words, such a tender Turnkey as you can't be long true to his trust;—I couldn't.

HANS. Couldn't you?

VAN GLOZ. No, by my soul.

HANS. Then, I'm sorry you've a soul that can't contain a couple of good qualities, at once, Uncle.

VAN GLOZ. Understand me, Hans: This Par-baya, here—I've heard his story—he may be innocent, and ill-treated, and all that;—that's a matter of sentiment, which don't concern the interests of the Dutch Trade, in the East Indies—

HANS. True, true; the Dutch Trade and sentiment, as you say, are two very different things.

VAN GLOZ. Well, then, why the plague are we to be interfering, one way or the other? We *must* keep well with the Emperor; and to let this prisoner slip thro' his fingers,—oons! it would make such a breach;—he'd lose all confidence in us;—and about nothing;—can't you see?

HANS. Clearly;—nothing;—nothing but putting an innocent man to death; a mere flea-bite. Now, Nunk, in your turn, I wish you would understand *me*;—You have been boasting to me how nicely you manage this same Emperor;—and his brother fighting-cock there, the King of Bantam.

VAN GLOZ. Have I?

HANS. "We humbly advise him"—Keep a guard over his affairs"—don't you remember?

VAN GLOZ. I believe I might say something like it;—but, you behaved so ill upon it, that I had better have held my tongue.

HANS. Something like it!—Didn't you say you were so skilful at the game, that you could "checkmate a King, whenever you pleased?"

VAN GLOZ. Well, sir, and what then?

HANS. Then, check him in his savage oppression;—make him set this honest fellow at liberty, and give him back his wife.

VAN GLOZ. That's your advice?

HANS. Certainly;---if you can coax a mahogany monarch into injuring himself, do, for once, wheedle him into an act of common justice to another.

VAN GLOZ. I never meddle with his justice matters among his own people.

HANS. No. You have never yet play'd off your policy for the sake of pure justice, I dare-say; but try it:—in this instance, it can do no harm to the trade;---and you have no notion, my dear Nunk, how much it will help your private account, when you come to strike your last balance.

VAN GLOZ. How am I to persuade a barbarian out of his revenge for an amorous disappointment? I might as well invite a hyæna to drink tea: but you are so blinded by the passions yourself, that you can't observe how they operate in others;—Ah! Hans, you'll never make a politician!

HANS. Not of your school, that's pretty certain.

VAN GLOZ. Hav'n't you sense enough to see that this Emperor is over head and ears in love with Zaide?

HANS. Well, I like love.

VAN GLOZ. Devil doubt you, at your age.

HANS. It shows he has a heart; and a heart capable of love must be alive to pity.

VAN GLOZ. And jealousy too, you greenhorn! and when pity and spite are kicking up an intestine war about a successful rival, pray, which will win the battle?

HANS. Well, upon my soul, this is a pretty perversion of the order of things! The gallant jealous of the husband—the kidnapper of a wife owing a spite to the man she has married!

VAN GLOZ. Aye, and to the wife herself, too, if she'll have nothing to say to the kidnapper. Did you never hear of slighted love turning into hate towards its object? If you want a proof of it, I have one to give you now.

HANS. A proof?

VAN GLOZ. Yes; the Emperor, upon chewing the cud of this business, can't digest the bad taste of a beauty who prefers her husband to himself: so, he has told me, in confidence, that, if Parbaya should return with the poison of the Upas,—Zaïde shall swallow it.

HANS. Murderous villain! Then Parbaya will never come back—the poor affectionate fellow will forfeit the little chance he has of his own life, to save that of his beloved.

V. GLOZ. Well, I must be off to Zaïde—I have the Emperor's order to ascertain that the bird is in her cage. When a woman of the Haram is under sentence in the imperial prison, his Emperorship, as the highest mark of his consideration, sometimes sends a favourite like me to see that she is safe, and permits him to look at her face.

HANS. Zaïde, I think, is confined in the Western Tower.

V. GLOZ. Yes, at the other side of the quadrangle. Curious enough it should happen to be exactly opposite the loop-hole of Parbaya's dun-

geon;—however, they're far enough asunder.—Now, Hans, remember I have caution'd you;—if you neglect your duty in this business, even my power can't screen you.

HANS. Well, well;—but, poor souls!—How can you, Major, witness all this, without indignation,—without horror?

VAN GLOZ. Why, I have still a few feelings about these things, I confess;—not a quarter so strong though as formerly;—for you must know, Hans, that I am, now, not only an old philosopher, but an old Dutch politician;—and, if these qualities, combined, can't cool a man's romantick sensibility, curse me if icing his heart at the North Pole would have the slightest effect!

[*Exit.*]

HANS. Parbaya and Zaïde so near each other!—Well, they are not the nearer meeting for all that:—I can't betray my trust;—he mustn't get out, even to bid his wife farewell;—but stay,—if she could get out to see him—I don't betray my trust there. But she don't know where he is;—how to let her know?—how convey intelligence of —— egad, I have it!

Enter PENGOOSE.

PENG. The Major has sent me back upon guard.

HANS. Why did he send you away?

PENG. That I shou'dn't hear what he said to you. 'Tis my notion he fancies we both favour the prisoner.

HANS. Did he hesitate about bidding you return to me?

PENG. He laid his chin upon the top of his cane, to consult about it.

HANS. Indeed!

PENG. Yes; he thought two heads were better than one, perhaps.

HANS. And so they are; so you and I must lay

our heads together, to help Parbaya as much as we honestly can. I know I can trust *you*.

PENG. Trust!

HANS. Nay, nay, my good fellow, I know you would almost lay down your life for me.

PENG. And my journal, too!

HANS. Reach me down that bow and arrow yonder. [*pointing to the place where they hang on the wall.*]

PENG. [*going to them*] Are we order'd out a-shooting?

HANS. No; a letter must be sent by them.

PENG. A letter by a bow and arrow! I believe they despatch more people than letters by them, in this country. [*takes them down, and gives them to Hans.*]

HANS. Now, Pengoose, your pencil, and a blank page out of the book you carry about you, will——

PENG. To be sure;—but I've a very few leaves left;—my remarks have been swelling prodigiously.

HANS. Oh, I'll make you a present of a new pocket-book—a smart, tasty affair, for your Memorandums.

PENG. Will you?—[*apart*] Here would be a time for flaying the Major!

HANS. And now, follow me into the dungeon;—the windows, it seems, of these Indian Lovers, —for, tho' man and wife, lovers still they are,—

PENG. Aye, poor souls! they know nothing of what's the fashion in Europe.

HANS. Their windows must be nearly opposite to each other. Parbaya may write, or scrawl in the character of his country, to Zaïde, and——

PENG. I understand;—send her a few *Mems* by the Flying-post!—I hope he's a good shot!—else the Post may miscarry.

HANS. Come, then; and let the Poets, among all their cant about Cupid's darts, match me this arrow if they can!--It will be fraught with conjugal affection; and pass between a blameless couple who are doom'd to death, and struggling to obtain a parting interview.

[*Exeunt, into the Dungeon.*]

SCENE II.

An Anti-Room in the Imperial Prison.

Enter GRUMBICK, follow'd by NOURJADEE, who is veil'd, and wears a light robe thrown over her dress.

GRUM. An officer of the Haram came with you to the gate, I know;—but what's your authority for visiting the prisoner?

NOUR. This;—sign'd by the Emperor. [*showing a scroll.*]

GRUM. Let me look at it. [*she gives it, he reads.*] “Nourjadee, the bearer of this, is to “have access, at all times of the day, to Zaïde;—“Obey, or die.”—You shall see her, for I'm very humane.

NOUR. Very,—when it is death to be otherwise.—But the order is directed to Agib, Captain of the Imperial Prisons:—You are not he.

GRUM. Have you been here before?

NOUR. Never.

GRUM. Then how should you know I'm not he?

NOUR. Because—[*aside*] I shall betray myself.—Because you look very much like a scrub, and not a bit like a Captain.

GRUM. A scrub!

NOUR. Are you Agib?

GRUM. No,—I'm Grumbick;—Humanity Grumbick, as they have nicknamed me, here.

NOUR. What's your office in this prison?

GRUM. Why, I was, four years, in the Bow-string line; but the Emperor raised me to Under Jailer,---I'm so very humane.

NOUR. And how dare you, the under Jailer, inspect an order address'd to your superior?

GRUM. Well, I'll send the Captain to you.—
[going, and returning the order to her] I say, —you need'nt mention that I happen'd just to cast my eye over this.

NOUR. Why not?

NOUR. You would'nt beso inhumanas to get me into trouble, would you?

NOUR. Not for the world, if it were my *death* to do so,—I'm so very humane.

GRUM. If this girl's eyes are like her tongue, they're plaguy sharp ones.

[Exit.

NOUR. [throwing up her veil] I dread to inquire the news, as to poor Zaïde! Agib, I know, will alleviate, all he can, the afflictions of any captive: but how lucky that, when he finds I am interested for Zaïde, his regard for me will increase his indulgence for her! Yet I do tease Agib a little, sometimes; just as Fatima plagued Ganem.

SONG—*Nourjadee.*

Ta lal lal la,—ta lal lal la,
Was the Song of Fatima:
To the blue-eyed Charmer, oft,
Ganem sued, in language soft;
But, while he vow'd eternal truth,
How she loved to tease the Youth!

He said, marry,
She cried, tarry,
Still he knelt, and still he sigh'd,
Still the frolick Fair replied,
Ta lal lal la.

2

Ganem, now, grew pale and slim;
 Sport to her was death to him;—
 Seeing this, and warmly press'd,
 Love was in her eye confess'd;

Gently sighing,

All complying,

Time, she cried, is on the wing,
 Take me, then, when next I sing

Ta lal lal la.

NOUR. Hither comes Agib; perhaps Grumbick has'nt mention'd my name to him;—in that case he shan't know me yet. [*drops the veil over her face.*]

Enter AGIB.

AGIB. I attend your commands, lady.

NOUR. [*aside*] Then, he hasn't been told who I am.

AGIB. You bring authority, I understand, to visit the unhappy Zaïde.

NOUR. Do you pity Zaïde?

AGIB. From my soul!

NOUR. Mighty emphatick! [*aside*].—From your soul?

AGIB. Yes,—for I have heard her story.

NOUR. Oh! [*aside*].—You seem to have a very tender heart, Captain.

AGIB. 'Tis, I hope, as man's ought to be,—tender to every female in affliction.

NOUR. Is it as tender, too, to every female *out* of affliction, Captain?

AGIB. Out of affliction! Yes, it—that is—well, hang me if my heart was ever so interrogated before!

NOUR. Is there no woman, then, who may call your heart in question?

AGIB. If it be pledged to any woman, she has no reason to question it's truth.

NOUR. If!—'Tis probably pledged to more than one;—for, I suppose, you are, like most men here, a follower of Mahomet;—and his law, you know, allows plurality, both in love and matrimony.

AGIB. Though I follow his laws, *that* is one of them quite thrown away upon me.

NOUR. Indeed!

AGIB. Aye, indeed.---Give me one, only one, dear, sweet, charming creature, whom---whom---

NOUR. Whom, what?

AGIB. I shan't tell you.

NOUR. Oh, I see you *have* a love then:---but do you think she would believe what you are saying?

AGIB. She has believed me, already.

NOUR. And have you had the assurance to tell her all this, and look her full in the face?

AGIB. I could gaze on her face for ever!---Would I could look on it now!

NOUR. [*throwing up her veil.*] Then do, Agib.

AGIB. Nourjadee! my charming Nourjadee, [*embrace*] Is it you, then, who are the friend of Zaide?

NOUR. You must befriend her too, Agib.

AGIB. All in my power to mitigate the miseries of her confinement; beyond that, you know, Nourjadee, were madness.

NOUR. But have you heard---?---tell me, what is her destiny?

AGIB. I have not been, yet, inform'd:---but Parbaya, ---

NOUR. Aye, what of him?

AGIB. He accepts the wretched alternative allow'd to the condemn'd,---the Upas-Tree.

NOUR. You make me shudder!---'Tis almost certain death:---Poor Zaïde! who is to tell her

this ?---*Her* life, too, may shortly be forfeit to the will of this tyrant.---Oh, Agib! if we could but rescue her,---save her,---

AGIB. To attempt it now would be destruction to us all ;---but patience: In three days our own plans will be ripe for action ;---the vessel will then be mann'd, and waiting for us, at midnight, on the Coast.---If, when we steal hence,---Parbaya, too, may, possibly, survive——At all events, (as I command the keys here,) Zaïde may be the partner of our flight.

NOUR. I see;—there's hope!

AGIB. Let that hope cheer you;—and think, Nourjadee, how happy we shall be in a distant land, when you have escaped from slavery.—Come, do not give way to despair.

NOUR. I am not apt to be sad.

DUETT.

I.

NOUR. Away when we flee, love,
 And soon will that be, love,
 Yes, soon, my love, soon,—
 The Sun will have fled, love,
 And left us instead, love,
 The light of the Moon.

AGIB. Away then we flee, love, &c.

2.

NOUR. Although our hearts flutter,
 No word will we utter,
 Till clear of the bay,—
 The ship smoothly going,
 And soft breezes blowing,
 To waft us away.

BOTH. Away when we flee, love, &c.

3.

NOUR. When borne o'er the ocean,
 How sweet, then, the notion,
 The pleasure how pure!
 To think that Fate, never,
 Will you and me sever,
 While life shall endure.

BOTH. Away when we flee love, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Imperial Prisons.

*In one part of the Scene, is a Window, not glazed,
 but strongly barr'd.*

*Zaïde is discover'd, on a Couch:—As the Scene opens
 she rises.*

ZAÏDE. No intelligence!—how agonizing is
 this suspense!—Alas! my husband! while I am
 doubtful of your fate, cruelty, perhaps, has re-
 vell'd in its exercise; and your last vital spark
 may have soar'd to Heaven.—I shudder at the
 thought!—though, to the condemn'd captive,
 death is happines.

SONG—*Zaïde.*

When clouds of sorrow round him lower,
 The Captive hails his dying hour,
 That frees him from tyrannick power,
 From tears and deep despair:
 Thus, eager for the azure skies,
 The joyous Lark delights to rise,
 And, tow'ring o'er the morn-dew, flies,
 To carol in the air.

Enter NOURJADEE.

NOUR. Zaïde!

ZAÏDE. [*runs to her, and embraces.*] Then they have not refused to let you see me.—Dear, dear friend! your kindness—but what of my Parbaya? That downcast look.—Oh! they have murder'd him!

NOUR. No, no,—he still lives.

ZAÏDE. [*clasping her hands together.*] Thank Heaven!

NOUR. But———

ZAÏDE. Speak!—I see you have something terrible to tell.

NOUR. Calm your spirits, I beseech you, Zaïde.—We have time enough to explain, for I shall not quit you 'till the dusk.—[*Throws her robe and veil on the Couch.*]

ZAÏDE. He is condemn'd!—this silence is mistaken friendship;—you torture me.—Oh! that some power could convey to me the intelligence swift as lightning, and let me know the worst!

An Arrow, shot through the Window, with a paper fastened to it's barb, drops at the Women's feet.

NOUR. An Arrow! [*takes it from the ground.*] with a scroll attach'd. [*reads*] “For Zaïde.”

ZAÏDE. [*looking at the superscription.*] Ah! they are my husband's well known characters!—Give me! give me!---[*Snatches the Scroll from Nourjadee; kisses it, and then opens it, in the utmost agitation.*] [*reads.*] “Your Window
“fronts the dungeon which hourly I expect to
“leave, to meet, as I think, my death.”---

(*She falls on NOURJADEE'S neck.*)

NOUR. Summon your fortitude!---Read, read!

ZAÏDE. [*resuming the letter.*] “Duty constrains my Guard to confine me closely; but his
“benevolence would favour your admittance to

“ me, could you, for a little while, elude the
 “ vigilance of those around you.---Oh, Zaide!
 “ let me, if possible, clasp you to my faithful
 “ heart, ere I journey to the baleful Upas-Tree,
 “ whence there is so little hope I can return!”---
 Are there no means? [*Distractedly.*]

NOUR. None!---unless Agib---but he dare not!

(*Noise without.*)

Hush! some one comes;---compose yourself.

[*Zaïde leans on the Couch; Nourjadee remains in front of the Scene.*]

Enter VAN GLOZEN.

VAN GLOZ. [*speaking as he enters.*] Thank you, good Captain;---my visit will be short,---and you have my credentials. [*advances into the Room.*] Beg pardon, madam, for so abrupt an entrance. [*to Nourjadee*]---A very handsome creature, faith! [*aside.*]

NOUR. A stranger!

VAN GLOZ. Aye, no wonder you start, Madam;---strangers, except in extreme cases, like the present, are never suffer'd to behold such beauty.---But I come from the Emperor.---[*NOURJADEE bows her head.*] You have heard, no doubt, in the Haram, of his confidential adviser, Major Van Glozen,---the Dutch officer, in command here.

NOUR. I have, sir.

VAN GLOZ. Then, here you see him:---and it is my painful office, now, to---[*casting his eye round the Room, 'till he observes Zaïde.*] Hey!---there are two of you!---which is the prisoner? (*Zaïde is advancing—NOURJADEE makes a sign to prevent her.*)

NOUR. I.

VAN GLOZ. Very well,---You are the prisoner;

---pardon me for being so particular:---well, that fact being establish'd, I am directed to ascertain what precautions have been taken for your remaining in your present residence. [*looks towards the barr'd Window.*] Ha!--- I see.

NOUR. What, sir, is your next official duty?

VAN GLOZ. That, really, is still more awkward;---for I am instructed to inform you, that, you must, from this moment, dispense with all companions, whatever.

ZaïDE. [*starting forward.*] Am I then refused the consolation of seeing my friend?

NOUR. [*hastily interposing.*] Aye,---is she refused the consolation of coming to see her friend?

VAN GLOZ. [*aside.*] Poor souls! they seem greatly attach'd to one another:---and how the friend fires up!---a peppery little devil, I dare say.---[*To them.*] 'Tis a pity to separate you; but what can be done?

ZaïDE. The petition of Nourjadee to be admitted to——

NOUR. [*apart, and checking her.*] Say nothing!—Yes, sir, the petition sign'd Nourjadee, to be admitted here, has been already granted.

VAN GLOZ. [*To Nourjadee*] Certainly, Nourjadee's petition to see you was granted: but the Emperor, like other mortal men, is liable to change his mind. I have just left his last command, which revokes the former, with the Captain here;---in consequence of which---it is very irksome to me to seem harsh,---your friend must, instantly, leave you.

NOUR. [*turning to Zaïde.*] You must obey the order.

ZaïDE. Obey the—— [*in great agitation.*]

VAN GLOZ. Don't flurry yourself;---take your time to bid good by;---Any attention, or delicacy, I can show to either of you, will give me pleasure. ---[*walks up the room.*]

NOURJADEE *takes her own robe from the couch, and throws it over Zaïde.*

NOUR. [*Apart to Zaïde, while adjusting her dress.*] Directly across the quadrangle leads to the dungeon ;---put down your veil, and leave me to manage the rest.

[ZAÏDE *is now veil'd, and draws the robe over her figure.*]

My friend is ready to depart, sir.

VAN GLOZ. So ---Adieu, young lady !---the Keepers, who admitted you, will give you egress, of course.

[*The Women embrace, ZAÏDE trembles.*]

NOUR. Be firm ! [*apart.*] [*Aloud.*] Farewell ! and may we meet again more happily.

[ZAÏDE *passes VAN GLOZEN, curtsies to him, and exit.*]

VAN GLOZ. [*aside*] A monstrous fine girl, that friend !---Ah ! if this Emperor had such vigilant fellows about his women as I, there would be an end of all the escapes, and the tricks they play him ! [*To Nourjadee.*] Before I take my leave, is there any thing I can do to serve the lovely Zaïde ?

NOUR. Tell me only, sir,---if it *be* in your power---what is, ultimately, to be Zaïde's fate.

VAN GLOZ. [*aside.*] Her *own* fate !---there peeps out nature !---Devil a word about their Husbands, 'till they have taken care of themselves.

NOUR. This pause forbodes no good.

VAN GLOZ. And no certainty of ill, does it ?--- [*aside*] I can't make her miserable before her time ;---bad news comes swift enough.---whatever is to happen, lady, let us all hope for the best.

NOUR. Let us hope so, sir,

VAN GLOZ. [*calling*] Captain !---Farewell, Madam, 'till to-morrow ;---for my visits here must be daily.

NOURJADEE *seats herself on the couch.*

Enter AGIB.

AGIB. What are your further orders, Major ?

VAN GLOZ. I only, Captain, leave this lady in your charge: and shall report the Emperor that all is right.

AGIB. Let me conduct you, sir.

VAN GLOZ. No, no;---the way is plain enough. [*apart, as he is going.*] Since I'm appointed Agent in these love matters, 'tis as well that I am verging on my first grand climacterick; else a few interviews, with these devilish handsome girls, would turn all my politicks topsy-turvy,---and, then,---Lud ha' mercy on the affairs of the Dutch East India Company!

[*Exit.*]

[*NOURJADEE remains on the couch, with her back towards AGIB.—AGIB approaches her.*]

AGIB. This cruel dismissal, madam, of Nourjadee, your friend,---She is weeping!---I saw her madam, pass the outer porch, and wish'd to speak to her; but she appear'd too deeply affected.

NOUR. [*still with her back to him*] Are you sure 'twas she, sir?

AGIB. There has been no other visitor within the walls;---and you know, I doubt not, lady,---for surely there is no secresy between you two---that I can distinguish Nourjadee's lovely form, among millions.

NOUR. [*turning round to him.*] No, you can't.

AGIB. Astonishment!---Where, then, is Zaïde?

NOUR. The Bird is flown!

AGIB. Escaped!---then, my death, and perhaps your own, dear Nourjadee, is certain.

NOUR. Don't be alarm'd;---the poor bird will soon come back.

AGIB. Whither is she gone?

NOUR. To Parbaya's dungeon;---'tis opposite these buildings.

AGIB. Can she gain admittance?

NOUR. Yes; as we have been inform'd;---but she may be obliged to take a circuit to avoid the Guard;---or cannot, perhaps, be admitted instantly, by those who favour her;---a thousand accidents may---Is there no place to reconnoitre?

AGIB. This very window overlooks the quadrangle.

NOUR. 'Tis known to be her's; and if we are observed there---

AGIB. That's true;---Come with me,---I'll place you where we may see, and not be seen.

NOUR. Soon I will explain all;---fear nothing for yourself; and, 'till she returns, she has left me here in pledge to you;---[*holding out her hand*] but, perhaps, noble Captain, you may'nt like the security.

AGIB. Oh! my dearest Nourjadee! [*kissing her hand*] I shall never be happy 'till you are mine irredeemably!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Passage, within the Buildings belonging to the Dutch Guard.

Enter HANS GAYVELT and PENGOOSE.

HANS. But why did you leave the station, where I fix'd you to see whether Zaïde came out?

PENG. I did see her come out,---just as I had popp'd down, in my book, how many windows there are in the quadrangle; but she was obliged to dodge from the guards that loiter'd about: she was as eager to run away from us of the military, as some of the sex are to run after us.

HANS. What a situation!---flying like a timid hare, in dread of pursuers.

PENG. I can't say,—for I never went a-hunting, all the while I was at Oxford: however, at last, she whisk'd round the corner of a building, and there I lost sight of her.

HANS. She will reach this place, no doubt, the moment there is opportunity; but that must be speedy, or Parbaya will have begun his dismal journey.

PENG. So it seems; else they wouldn't have taken off his irons, to prepare him for the march. Lucky he had shot off his letter, and we had put back the bow and arrow, before they came in.

HANS. I hope I may be appointed to conduct him on his match: though the Major, from his suspicions of me, may---At all events, Pengoose, we must contrive that you shall attend him.

PENG. Then I can give comfort, and write remarks all along the road.---Finely dismal, and romantick, they say, for many miles round the Upas;---nothing but poison'd air, mountains, and melancholy. A charming country for making *Mems*, and *Nota Benes*!

HANS. Return to your watch;---all is clear this way, and not a soul to observe us. Now is the moment!---I am going to Parbaya;---if Zaïde comes, hurry her along the dark passages, and bring her to us, instantly.

Exit.

PENG. If I should make any mistakes, now!---I never hurried a lady along a dark passage, in all my life.---Plague on their passages and prisons, here, I say!---After all my travels, there's nothing like old England! where criminals are only condemn'd by sound Law, and often pardoned by Sovereign Mercy.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A vaulted place of Confinement, in which there are various recesses, and niches, serving as beds, and close dungeons, for Prisoners. The loop-hole, whence Parbaya has shot the arrow, is seen in the Wall; and the few articles of comfort, and accommodation, with which HANS GAYVELT is supposed to have supplied him, are visible.

[PARBAYA is reclining on a block of stone.]

PARB. (*rising.*)

No, Zaïde, yet!--Alas! she will not come;---
Let me recal that word;---she cannot come;---
For, long ere this, had will the mastery,
The poor distracted one had flown to me,
And leapt upon my heart.

(*Bolts are unfasten'd.*)

Hark! some one enters.

Zaïde! (*as the door is opening.*)

Enter HANS GAYVELT.

HANS.

I would it were!

PARB.

Well, 'tis a friend;
That's something.---Do you bring me news?

HANS.

I do.

PARB.

Quick, tell me;---shall I see her?

HANS.

Yes,---I hope so.

PARB.

What! shall I strain her to my bosom, then?
And kiss her tears away, before I go,---

And bid her be of comfort?---Nay, you flatter---
Do not deceive me,---is there hope, indeed?

HANS.

She hovers round your cell; and only waits
Till none observe her.

PARB.

You have pour'd a cordial!

HANS.

I see this thought of meeting somewhat shakes you.

PARB.

Yes;---but 'twill be the luxury of anguish;
And, though I dread it, yet I pant for it.
When Two have walk'd, through life, like me and
Zaïde,

The partners of each other's joy and sorrow,
'Twere hard if either should be doom'd to rush
Into the grave, without a leave-taking:---
'Tis the last interchange of love, that sends
The spirit hence more satisfied, and yields
A balm, in after thought, to the survivor.

HANS.

One word: I scarcely can impart to you
What I have heard,—yet you should be apprised.

PARBAYA.

You falter:—speak,—does it concern myself?

HANS.

Nearly.

PARBAYA.

Out with it, man! What matters that
Which only touches *me*?

HANS.

And Zaïde, too.

PARBAYA.

Zaïde!

HANS.

Yes, both.—Should you obtain the poison,
The draught must be administer'd to *her*.
This is the tyrant's will, though yet a secret.

PARBAYA. (*after a pause.*)

Thanks—thanks!—you're a true friend;—you
have resolved me;
Saved me, perhaps, from perpetrating murder:
For I might still, by striving for existence,
Have brought back death to Her, whose life I
prize
A thousand, thousand, times beyond my own!
Come friend! (*taking his hand*) accept the grasp
of gratitude,
For, soon, we part, for ever.

The Prison-door is thrown open, and ZAÏDE rushes towards PARBAYA: GAYVELT leaves them together.

ZAÏDE.

My Parbaya! (*faints in his arms.*)

PARBAYA.

Zaïde, look up;—look on me, love! she cannot!
This conflict was too much:—stay,—sense re-
turns.—

Gaze not so wildly on me, Zaïde;—See,
'Tis I—'tis your Parbaya,—'tis your husband.

ZAÏDE.

Alas! (*bursts into tears.*)

PARBAYA.

Come, come, endeavour to be firm.

ZAÏDE.

I will;—but after all that I have learn'd—

PARBAYA (*eagerly.*)

All! tell me, Zaïde, all that you have learn'd,

ZAÏDE.

The barbarous, dreadful sentence: You forget;—
Has not the arrow told me all, Parbaya?

PARBAYA (*aside.*)

Thank Heaven, she has heard no more!

ZAÏDE.

But, still,
There is a chance,—yes, yes, there is a chance;
And, by precaution, several have escaped.

The face, they say, is vizor'd,—and the mouth
Guarded against the air;---then, if the breeze
Blow not to meet you,—Oh! let me conjure you,
Neglect not any thing that may preserve you!
Do not! for my sake, do not!

PARBAYA.

For *your* sake,
I shall do all I should, be sure on't.---Zaïde,
This is a precious moment,---else I would not
Renew the pang of memory for our boy.

ZAÏDE.

Our darling! who was mur—

PARBAYA.

Hush!—since he died,
You know that I have borne upon my breast
A ringlet of his hair; last night, I pluck'd
A lock from his unhappy father's head,
And twined it with the child's;—here keep it
Zaïde;—

(giving a locket.

It may console the mother, and the wife,
To press it with her lips, when I'm away.

ZAÏDE.

You speak as if we ne'er could meet again.

PARBAYA.

I wish not to extinguish every hope;
But arm against the worst;—should the worst
happen,
Try all you can to reach our native Isle:—
Yet there, poor wanderer! we left no friends
To succour you:—my father, possibly,
If living, may return,—but, in my boyhood,
During our wars, he fled, and none knew whither.

ZAÏDE.

Pray, talk not thus! You torture me, Parbaya!

PARBAYA.

Time hurries on;—each moment, I expect
To be call'd hence.—Kiss me, 'ere I depart.

(kisses her.

Oh, Zaïde! we have loved with so much truth,
'Tis cruel thus to sunder!

ZAÏDE. (*clinging round him*)

Must we sunder?

Could we but go together!

(*A Drum rolls.*)

Enter HANS GAYVELT, hastily.

HANS.

Pardon me;—

The troop is forming to conduct you hence;—

They'll soon be here; and Agib, Zaïde's guard,
Scared at her absence, though he seems to favour
Waits to conduct her hence. [her,

PARBAYA and ZAÏDE embrace.

BOTH.

Farewell! Farewell!

HANS.

Come, Madam; you shall be my care; should any
Be lurking to betray your coming here,
He tells no tales, by Heaven! for my sword
Shall pass through him. Come;—away!—away!

(*Exit HANS, with ZAÏDE.*)

PARBAYA as ZAÏDE is going)

Farewell!—She's gone for ever!—Oh, my heart!
It aches almost to bursting!

*Throws himself in an agony of grief, on the block of
stone, with his hands clasp'd over his face.*

(*Martial Musick.*)

PARBAYA.

Hark! they come!

Enter a Troop of Soldiers, headed by an Officer.

PENGOOSE is among the Troop.

OFFICER.

Prisoner, you must begin your march.

PARBAYA.

Does he,

Who, here, has been my guard go with us?

OFFICER.

No.

PENGGOOSE.

No, not my master; but I do.

OFFICER.

Peace, fellow!

PARBAYA.

Set on then;---I am ready.

A March strikes up, and the Troop goes out, guarding
PARBAYA.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A wild and desolate Country : bare Hills in the Front of the Scene, rising one above the other, and terminating in stupendous barren Mountains. The shape of the Mountains is of a volcanic description ; having a broad base, and gradually verging toward the summit, in the form of a cone. A winding road is cut through the hills in the foreground, and a path appears in the distance, which is, at last, lost to sight among the irregularities of the prospect.

[*An INDIAN COTTAGE is at the foot of the foremost hills : outside the door, ORZINGA is seated on a bench, reading the KORAN, which is placed on a rude desk before him.*]

ORZINGA [*quitting the book he has been reading.*]
 Why plod o'er pages which I know by rote ;
 Save that, the Koran is the sole book, here,
 Allow'd a priest ?—and it relieves the eye,
 From gazing on this dreary solitude,
 Till reason mopes itself to gloomy madness.
 Well,—let our globe of peopled perfidy
 Roll on, while here I ruminate,—disturb'd
 But by the coming convict,—whom my duty
 Prepares to quit this world, and seek a better.

Enter ABDALLAH (carrying a basket of provisions.)

ORZINGA.

How now, Abdallah! journeying to the village
Seems to have made you weary.

ABDALLAH.

Where's the wonder?
Full three leagues thither,—then, those three
leagues back—

ORZINGA.

Well, you bring food.

ABDALLAH (*putting down the basket.*)

And aching bones, to boot.

ORZINGA.

Out, fool, you have refresh'd your morbid senses?
Have look'd on verdure,—breath'd in purer air;—
But you have visited the haunts of men,—
That's a great drawback.

ABDALLAH.

That I think the best.

ORZINGA.

So do not I.

ABDALLAH.

One stormy day, you told me
You should not like my leaving you.

ORZINGA.

Why, aye,—
I did;—for Nature here is palsied round us;
And, though I loathe society, there's something
Within me, so far social, that I would not
Be quite alone, in such a waste;—perhaps,
A dog might be sufficient company.

ABDALLAH.

Would he, Orzinga, cater for your board,
Tend you in sickness, soothe your fits of spleen,
As I do?

ORZINGA.

No, but he's a faithful creature.

ABDALLAH.

So am I.

ORZINGA.

You may alter, and he wouldn't.
Even the craftiest of animals
Are known at once, and never known to vary.
Foxes are thieves profess'd; the tiger lurks,
But soon as you approach he springs upon you:
Man, changeable as the cameleon's hue,
Befriends, and stabs you:—he's the biped brute,
Of whose behaviour he, himself, is doubtful.

ABDALLAH.

Come, the world's well enough, when all runs
smooth;—

Your natural temper has been sour'd, Orzinga.

ORZINGA.

Sour'd!—Yes, I grant you, and imbitter'd, too.
Verjuice and wormwood make the general draught
Men swallow,—and they brew it for each other,—
And I have drunk.—When driven from home to
wander,
I sought the office, here, the Emperor gave me,
(I thank him,—few besides myself would take it,)
That I might look on this life's hurlyburly,
Aloof,—as worn-out warriors climb a hill,
To view the battle.

ABDALLAH.

And how view it here?

We look on none but sentenced criminals,
And those who bring them hither, towards the
Upas.

Our contemplations turn upon the dying,
Rather than life.

ORZINGA.

We see the best of life, then;
If mortals tremble on the brink of death,
Then, if at any time, they deviate
Into sincerity.

(Musick is heard at a great distance.)

ABDALLAH.

There's the well-known strain.
 More convicts are arriving ;— (*looks out*) yonder,
 too, (*looking sharp after his feet*)
 Is a fore-runner of the soldiery,
 Hast'ning to give you notice.

ORZINGA.

Get you in,
 And trim our hut.

(*ABDALLAH takes up his basket, and goes into the Cottage.*)

Oft as these wretches come,
 A kind of pity softens me ;—I fain
 Would slope the precipice they have to leap,
 Out of this rugged world, and do my best
 To make it easy.

PENGOOSE, *who has been seen coming along the winding road, reaches the foreground.*

PENGOOSE.

There's the cottage they described to me ;—and
 that's the Divine, I suppose, who starts the poor
 prisoners, for the last stage to the Upas Tree ;—
 an Indian Ordinary of Newgate.—Servant, your
 brown reverence ! There's no people in this pa-
 rish, but, I believe you are the rector.

ORZINGA.

If 'tis my calling that you wish to know,
 I am a Priest of Mahomet. When infidels,
 Like you, approach, I clasp the sacred Book,
 And, then, hold converse with them. (*goes to*
the KORAN, which he shuts, and clasps.)

PENGOOSE, (*looking at him, while shutting the KORAN.*)
 A fine figure ! I must pop him down. (*writes in*
his pocket-book.) *Mem. :* the Upas Parson
 walks out in his night-cap ;—a few long bristles
 about chin ;—*Query*, whether always so, or near
 his next shaving day ?

ORZINGA (*returning to PENGOOSE.*)
How many prisoners are marching hither?

PENGOOSE.
Oho! looking sharp after his fees. (*aside.*) Only one, your reverence.

ORZINGA.
What is his crime?

PENGOOSE.
Being plunder'd of his spouse, and trying to get her again, out of the Emperor's clutches.

ORZINGA.
That's in due rule.

PENGOOSE.
The deuce it is! What, for the robber to turn the tables upon the honest man?

ORZINGA.
What quarter of the world is there, in which No robber cries out thief? You pallid men Of Europe, who roam hither, like the cuckoo, To other's nests,—how do you clamour, now, If the true owners venture to disturb you?

PENGOOSE.
He's a very crusty clergyman! (*aside*) I'm not a cuckoo, please your reverence.

ORZINGA.
Rather a magpie,—pert and chattering. Do you not term yourself a Hollander?

PENGOOSE.
If I do I'm a Dutchman.—I was born in England;—a northern Island of Europe;—famous for being the least bit of the world that keeps so much of it in order. Pray, tell me, how many have ever got back from this plaguy poison-tree?

ORZINGA.
The average, at most, is one in twenty.

PENGOOSE.
A poor chance!—that's but half of the regular

tithes, please your reverence :—but, if its so hard to come clear off, how do they manage it at all ?

ORZINGA.

The prisoner's face is guarded with a mask ;
Its aperture for vision glazed ;—no art
Untried, to fence him from the atmosphere :—
Yet, if he breast the breeze, upon his march,
Or, veering, it o'ertake him, on return,
He must expire :—and, here, the breath of Heaven,
Obstructed by the heights, is ever shifting.
He who survives is fortunate indeed !

PENGOOSE.

Then these are the ill winds that blow nobody good ! Which way is the wind now ?

ORZINGA.

'Tis adverse to him.

PENGOOSE.

Don't say so ?—Would you set him off with it in his teeth ?—Why, its downright murder !

ORZINGA.

Dolt ! is a Priest placed here to murder him ?
Till the wind veers, he tarries in my hut.

PENGOOSE.

Bless you for that !—(*aside*) I begin to like the Parson ;—he's a rough one, both in chin and talk ;—but he's a good one.—He shall be known in Europe, the moment I publish.—May I be so bold as to ask your name ?

ORZINGA.

Orzinga.

PENGOOSE (*writing*)

The reverend Mister Orzinga ;—U. C. J.—Upas, Clergyman of Java.—Ah ! your reverence, you pity the poor young fellow, now ; but he'll thump your heart like a pulpit cushion, when he talks to you.—If you did but hear his story !—he comes from Macassar.

ORZINGA (*agitated.*)
Comes from——Oh!——does he?

PENGOOSE.
Ar'n't you well, you reverence?

ORZINGA.
Yes,—nothing,—nothing—he's my countryman.

PENGOOSE.
No, sure! then that will make you cotton to him,
more and more.

ORZINGA.
I know not that.

PENGOOSE.
Well, that's odd; it would me: if I saw even an
English travelling tinker, in Java, I'd crack all
the kettles in our garrison, directly, to give him
a job. Macassar, they say, is a fine island;—
lies under the Equator;—natives never swaddle
their children; and—

ORZINGA.
Tell me not of the Isle where I was born:—
Cursed be the man who names it in my presence!

PENGOOSE.
He looks monstrous wild!—if his reverence should
be *non compos*, after all!

(*The musick is again heard, and nearer.*)

ORZINGA.
Hark! they draw nearer to us.—(*calls.*) Ho!
Abdallah!

(*Enter ABDALLAH, from the Cottage.*)

Give food and welcome to this European;
Conduct him in.

PENGOOSE.
I'd rather stay out of doors, your reverence;—to be
of service to the prisoner.

ORZINGA.
Hence! 'tis my function, upon his arrival,
To speak with him alone.

PENGGOOSE.

Beg pardon ;—I'll go to dinner.—I've got a little Hollands about me ;—(*shewing a wicker bottle*) perhaps, when your reverence comes to sit down with us, you'll like a drop.

[ORZINGA turns from him.]

Oh, the religion—aye, aye, I forget,—Mahomet :—well, I shall put it on the table ; and, then, your reverence will do as you like.

Exit with ABDALLAH into the cottage.

The Musick grows stronger.

The Soldiers come down the hill with PARBAYA, and halt, in front of the Scene.

OFFICER.

So, Priest ! we soon are met again.

ORZINGA.

Aye, soldier.

OFFICER.

I hate this service ; 'tis the roughest tramp
Of any in all Java.

ORZINGA.

'Tis the saddest
For those you bring in custody.

OFFICER.

Who cares
For those in custody ?—for me, I'm crippled.

ORZINGA.

You have a deal of feeling in your feet.
Yet many a soldier, on a march like this,
Is troubled with more tenderness than you.
Do you rest here ?

OFFICER.

To starve upon your fare ?
No ;—we have pitch'd our tent beneath the palm,
A league on our return. There is your man.

[going.]

I had forgot ; one of our troop is missing,
Sent on before.

ORZINGA.

He's now within my hut.

OFFICER.

Then, bid him follow us. Farewell !—away lads !
[*Exeunt* SOLDIERS.]

Manent PARBAYA and ORZINGA.

ORZINGA.

You have been told my office here?

PARBAYA.

I have ;

And I respect it.

ORZINGA.

That respect may shorten
Your sojourn with me ; for I, oft, detain
A reprobate, till reprobate no more.

PARBAYA.

It proves you worthy of your priestly charge :—
Who scorns religion is unfit to live,
But more unfit, while scorning it, to die.

ORZINGA.

I know your history, in part.

PARBAYA.

'Tis brief,

As will be my existence :—Pirates enter'd
My dwelling on the coast ;—my babe was slaugh-
ter'd ;—

My wife convey'd, by violence, from home,
Into your Despot's haram ; and her husband,
For struggling to regain her, sentenc'd hither.

ORZINGA.

You now must struggle for yourself.

PARBAYA.

Not so ;

For I come here to perish.

ORZINGA.

Rather say,
You come endeavouring that you may *not* perish.

PARBAYA.

No, Priest; I mean not to avail myself
Of the poor chance allow'd.

ORZINGA.

Why, then, accept it?

PARBAYA.

When sentence was pronounced, I knew not all
That has determined me to fall a victim.

ORZINGA.

Mean you to run upon your own destruction?

PARBAYA.

I do; my mind's made up; I covet it.

ORZINGA.

If all who covet death destroy'd themselves,
I should not stand, amid this desolation,
To caution you against an impious purpose.
Rash man! the awful Power, who gave us breath,
Commands us to preserve the chequer'd gift,
And never hurl it back, in bravery,
To the Omniscient Giver.

PARBAYA.

Oh! you know not
My motives;—trust me, they are strong and good.

ORZINGA.

There's no good motive for a sinful act.
Shame on't!—is this then your religion?—You!
In bloom of mankind, a self-murderer!
Wait, wait;—inure yourself to grief; be season'd,
Like me, in suffering; and cease to think
Of terminating misery by crime.

PARABAYA.

Could misery excuse a crime, mine may.
Where find another wretch with all my train
Of bleeding injuries?

ORZINGA.

The wretch before you ;—
 More wounded, yet more firm than you ;—a wretch
 Detesting men ; but not, as you would be,
 A guilty coward, who forsakes his post,
 Assign'd by Heav'n, ere Heaven, itself, relieve him.

PARBAYA.

I hurry hence, driv'n to despair by villains ;—
 I bear no malice against honesty,
 Nor curse my fellow-creatures in the bulk :
 You linger here, detesting all the world,—
 Loathing whom, by profession, you should love,
 And teach, whate'er your wrongs, to love each other.
 Am I, then, Priest, more culpable than you ?
 What more insults Heaven's charity for man,
 Than its sworn servant hating all mankind ?

ORZINGA.

How far I hate, is doubtful ;—accidents,—
 As, now, this converse with you,—sometimes wake
 Affections which I fancied dead within me.
 But strive to live ;—look round on others' sorrow ;
 And gather comfort, by comparison.

PARBAYA.

If anguish be not anguish, in itself ;—
 If shades of evil must be nicely view'd,
 To make us callous to a grief, because
 Our neighbour has a greater ;—even then,
 I tower in misfortune. Tell not me
 Your woes are paramount to mine :—had you
 A wife borne off by pirates ?

ORZINGA.

Worse ;—borne off
 By him I loved, and trusted as a brother.
 War flamed ;—my dwelling was beset ;—and I
 Constrain'd to stay, and guard it ;—it was then
 This specious devil proffer'd to conduct
 My wife, and little one, safe through the woods.
 How did he execute his sacred trust ?

He tried the serpent's glozing, to seduce
The wedded partner of his bosom friend ;
And, stung with rage, to find her faithful to me,
He left her to the hatchets of the foe.

PARRAYA.

Are you ?—no ;—yet a story much like yours
Is still remember'd in my country.

ORZINGA.

True,—

I have been told you are my countryman.

PARBAYA.

Say further, then.

ORZINGA.

Say more !—there spoke a true
Compatriot of Macassar ! Agonize me ;
Harrow up all my horrors of the past ;
Bid me detail the means by which I learn'd
My friend was treacherous, and my wife was slain ;
How, when his lifeless mother lay before him,
My boy, then ten years old,—

PARBAYA.

Aye, what of him ?

ORZINGA.

He fled ;—but whither—

PARBAYA.

Did you never seek him ?

ORZINGA.

Is there an angle of the spacious world
Which, had I, then, the means of finding him,
I had not ransack'd to regain my child !

PARBAYA.

He, surely, had not left the island.

ORZINGA.

No :

But still the fiend, who had so deeply wrong'd me,
Fearing I should revenge his villainy,
Abused the ear of those who led the war ;—
Had me proscribed a traitor ; with a price

Fix'd on my guiltless head :—they harrass'd me,
From lawn to rock, from desart tract to forest ;—
And, in the end, drove from his native land
The persecuted, destitute Orzinga.

PARBAYA.

Orzinga !

ORZINGA.

Aye ;—where, where is, now, the spirit
Of my poor murder'd wife ? Where, now, my boy,
My dear Parbaya ?

PARBAYA.

Here, my father, here !
Come to embrace you, and then die.

ORZINGA.

Parbaya !

*[looks wildly at his son, and, overcome by the shock,
is falling. PARBAYA catches him in his arms.]*

PARBAYA *[supporting his father.]*

I was too sudden :—father !—out, alas !
He appears death-struck. Oh ! impulsive nature !
Urging the parent, and the child, by turns,
Through infancy and age, to prop each other,
Brace my nerves now, or, here, we sink together.
He sighs ;—and,— yes, thank Heav'n, the blood that
ebb'd,
Flows back into his veins.

[raises ORZINGA, who is recovering, from his arms.]
My dearest father !

ORZINGA.

Give me a little time :—is it a dream ?

[gazes on PARBAYA.]
No,—there's the murder'd mother's look.—My son !
[bursts into a flood of tears, and clasps him.]

PARBAYA.

Let us not yield to this.

ORZINGA.

It has relieved me :—
'Tis many a year, Parbaya, since I lost

You and your mother; from that time, till now,
I have not known the comfort of a tear.

PARBAYA.

Would that my mother could have been restored!
The tear of comfort had not, then, been wasted,
As now:—it seems you valued much her virtues.

ORZINGA.

Beyond all price! Had I a thousand lives,
I would have sacrificed them all for her.

PARBAYA.

Censure no more, then, my design as impious.
You call me guilty coward:—if one crime
Must be, perforce, the refuge from another,
Which savours most of guilty cowardice,—
The murder of my wife, or suicide?

ORZINGA.

Wherefore that question?

PARBAYA.

Aye,—wherefore, indeed!
There needs no priestly casuist, my father,
To argue this;—'tis human sympathy,—
'Tis every tender movement of the soul;
'Tis wedded love, which so entwines two hearts,
Each throbs but for its second dearer self;—
These, these, decide at once. My fate is fix'd.
Bless me, and send me forth to meet it;—never
Expect me bearing back the deadly draught,
Which, if I 'scape, must, by the tyrant's doom,
Be drunk by my beloved.

ORZINGA.

Is that the doom?

Yet, yet, you are my son:—oh! cling to life!

PARBAYA.

No, no; you counsel as a father, now,
Not as the husband you once were. Could you
Have borne a poison'd chalice to those lips
You press'd so fervently?—have heard them bless
you,

While quiv'ring in the pangs of death, which you
Had brought upon them?—[*kneeling*] Fountain
of all mercy!

When I have snapt the slender thread of hope,
Left me for life, to save a fellow-creature,—
One, whom, before thy altar, I have sworn
To cherish and protect,—look not in wrath
Upon my bruised spirit!—if it err,
Pity its weakness, aiming at the best,
And pour the balm of thy forgiveness on it!

HANS GAYVELT *calls without*

Hilliho! ho!

ORZINGA.

List!—who comes hither?

PARBAYA.

Ha! it is the guard
Who felt such pity for me in my dungeon.

Enter HANS GUYVELT.

HANS.

Soh! I'm in time to—that last hill's a breather!
(*panting.*)

PARBAYA.

Your coming promises some good.

HANS.

At least,
It may prevent much harm; which, had it hap-
pen'd,
I never should forgive myself.

PARBAYA.

Explain.

HANS.

I might have been the cause of your attempting
A headlong plunge out of this world; for which
There's no occasion now.

PARBAYA.

Is Zaïde safe, then?

The tyrant has repented of her doom !

(Hans shakes his head.)

No ? utter quickly, what concerns my wife ;—
Keep me not on the rack ! Say all of Zaïde.

HANS.

Her case, I fear, is hopeless,

PARBAYA.

Hopeless !—not
If I should ne'er return.

HANS.

Be calm and hear me ;—
I'll be as brief as well I can.—The Emperor,—
Curse him ! he's more than devil !—when you went,
Visited Zaïde, and renew'd his suit.

PARBAYA.

Which she rejected ?

HANS.

And which he resented ;—
Leaving her two sad choices ;—to embrace
Either himself, or—*(pauses.)*

PARBAYA.

Death !

HANS.

You've said the word.

PARBAYA.

And she has chosen the last ?

HANS.

She has :—her fate
Is sure, and may be speedy.

(PARBAYA appears stunn'd with the news.)

ORZINGA.

Oh ! now, labour
For your own preservation !

PARBAYA *(distractedly.)*

Certain death !—
And none to rescue, or—I'll hurry to her ;
I must, I will have way.—Stratagem ?—No ;—

Some desperate act ;—I'll stab the tyrant, while
 He gluts his hellish sight, with viewing her,
 Led forth to slaughter ; or we'll battle for her
 Till, cover'd o'er with wounds, we fall together ;
 Or I will hurl—Oh, God ! I'm almost mad !

HANS.

Come, come, collect your thoughts ;—we lose, in
 passion,

The time for council.—Zaïde's suffering
 May, possibly, be, for a while, delay'd.

Could you return directly, you might, still,
 Hit on some artifice—but how get back ?

ORZINGA.

The road is closely guarded.

HANS.

True ; the barriers ;—
 To pass them seems impossible.—And, now
 He's in your charge ;—it might go hard with you ;
 If you were found abetting—

PARBAYA.

Risk *his* life !

No, that must never be.

ORZINGA.

If that were all,
 Preserve the son, no matter for the father.

HANS.

Father and son !—why did I ever sail
 Into this land of heart-aches !—and are you—

ORZINGA.

Of that hereafter :—could he but escape ;—
 For now, *she* cannot.—

HANS.

Is there ne'er an outlet
 Over the mountains ?

ORZINGA.

None,—the wanderer, there,
 Must fall, by the infected air, or famine.

HANS.

The road to Kérta-Súra's free for him,
Had he the poison, now.—

PARBAYA.

I'll have it straight :
I go !—Success, and Zaïde ! (*going.*)

ORZINGA (*preventing him.*)

Hold, my son !

For my sake, hold !—the breeze opposes you ;—
Sure as you venture, you are sure to fall.

PARBAYA.

Detain me not :—Father, you magnify
The seeming peril, through your fear for me.

ORZINGA.

By Heaven ! I tell you true.—Hear me, Parbaya ;—
Two wretches, yesterday, set forth ; the wind
Has veer'd ;—they'll ne'er return ;—or, if return,
So stricken, that they will not live an hour.

*A RETURNING CRIMINAL appears, in the path, between
the foreground and the base of the mountain : He is
mask'd, and carries a closed urn, containing the poison.*

HANS.

Look ! one of them appears.

PARBAYA.

Nay, then, 'tis palpable
They *do* return.

ORZINGA.

Be patient, yet awhile.
Mark—how he totters !—See !—he drops—he dies !
(*The CRIMINAL falls dead in the distance.*)

PARBAYA.

And with the poisonous passport in his grasp,
To speed me hence, that I may succour Zaïde.
Fortune has smiled for once ;—and even Death
Now smooths the way for Love to help the dying.
*Rushes out towards the spot where the CRIMINAL fell, and
is soon hid by the nearest rising ground.*

HANS.

He'll run some hazard there.

ORZINGA.

No ;—yonder culprit
Was kill'd by regions he had pass'd already.
He was a harden'd murderer ;—let him go ;—
None could be better spared.

HANS.

Then, to our business ;
I've posted here to you—a strange set-out !—
I left the beasts, and carriage, at the foot
Of this last break-neck hill ;—they'll expedite
His going back, and—stay,—yonder he climbs !—
He has the poison !—Oh ; that his Emperorship
Had but the swallowing of it—cup and all !

PARBAYA is, by this time, on the return, and again out
of sight.

But how Parbaya met a father !—

ORZINGA.

That
I may impart,—for I begin to think
Some few may, still, be honest, and worth trusting ;
And you among the foremost.

HANS.

Some honest men ?
Aye, thousands ;—but from all I've met with, here,
We're not, precisely, in the Country for them.
Talking of honesty,—where is my servant ?
A soldier,—left behind the troop, they tell me.

ORZINGA.

You'll find him, there, within.

Enter PARBAYA, with the urn.

PARBAYA.

The prize is mine !—I brood upon this drug
That taints the body, as a miser views
His mind-corrupting gold.—May we set forward ?

HANS (*to ORZINGA.*)

You'll find the horses where I told you ;—On ;
I'll call my man, and follow you.

PARBAYA.

My father,
We part again ! but if—

ORZINGA.

No, no, Parbaya,
We part no more, till Fate cries, “part for ever.”

PARBAYA.

That may be soon ; but let us cherish hope.
We go to foil the worst of plunderers ;—
A tyrant, who, with ruthless force, destroys
Domestick blessings, and, profaning wedlock,
Invades the dearest rights of social man.

[*Exeunt* PARBAYA and ORZINGA.]

HANS.

Now for Pengoose—Hollo ! (*calling.*) Poring, I
suppose, over his everlasting Journal.—Hollo !

Enter PENGOOSE *from the Cottage, with his bottle.*

PENGOOSE.

Did your reverence call ? My master !—Oh !
you'll be very unhappy here.

HANS.

Why, Pengoose, you've been tippling !

PENGOOSE.

No, crying ;—all about poor Mr. Parbaya ; its
only grief.

HANS.

Grief !

PENGOOSE.

And a little Hollands ;—nothing else ;—Oh dear !

HANS.

Maudlin drunk, by Jupiter ! Have you emptied
that bottle ?

PENGGOOSE.

Mr. Abdallah had half.

HANS.

Who the devil is Mr. Abdallah?

PENGGOOSE.

I conceive, the Curate ;—he was born at Bombay ;—full of capital corn ;—Oh ! he has a tear for pity !

HANS.

Yes, you have had a bottle full of tears between you :—and where have you left this curate ?

PENGGOOSE.

Just as I came out, he was under the table.

HANS.

Then his drop of grief has been stronger than your's ;—but there let him lie, and come with me, this moment.

PENGGOOSE.

Are we going ? I shall never see the sage Abdallah more.

HANS.

Oh, curse your whimpering !

PENGGOOSE.

Farewell, ye solitudes !

HANS.

Confound you, come along ; and get sober on the road, or you'll be tied up to the halberds.
(*Driving him on.*)

PENGGOOSE.

Oh !

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Anti-room to Zaïde's Apartment in the Imperial Prisons.

Enter VAN GLOZEN and GRUMBICK.

VAN GLOZ. Your Captain not here at present? then I must stay till he returns. Hark ye, I've heard of the tricks they put upon me, when I was here before:—are you sure the prisoner's safe, now?

GRUMBICK.

Not now you're come, Major;—you've such a way of letting them out, you know.

VAN GLOZEN.

What, you are grinning, you one-headed Cerberus? Oons! I shall be the by-word of all the jailers in Java. Wait without, till I call you.

[*Exit GRUMBICK.*]

VAN GLOZEN.

Talking of tricks, I fear my romantick nephew, Hans, is at some mischief; for I can't set eyes on him any where: and, as to that young devil, Miss Nourjadee, if ever I chance to encounter her again, — — egad, here she comes! and with the Captain of the prison! What's in the wind now?

(*steps aside.*)

Enter AGIB and NOURJADEE.

AGIB.

Yes, Nourjadee, once more you shall steal to your unfortunate friend.

NOURJADEE.

That point then is gain'd, in spite of old Huff-Bluff, the Dutchman.

VAN GLOZEN.

That's me. (*aside.*)

NOURJADEE.

A thousand thanks, dear, dear Agib!

VAN GLOZEN. (*aside.*)

Dear, dear Agib! A love business. I'd have sworn that girl was a sly one, at every thing.

AGIB.

But this last sentence is the most terrible of all.

NOURJADEE.

Not if there's a little time.

AGIB.

I don't know that the Emperor has given further orders, yet.

VAN GLOZEN.

No, but I do. (*aside.*)

NOURJADEE.

If the vessel should not fail us; and you, now, expect it to be ready by to-morrow night, you know.

VAN GLOZEN. (*aside.*)

Oho!

AGIB.

Then, Zaïde may be our companion;—

NOURJADEE.

And escape, poor soul! from the cruelty of this monster.

VAN GLOZEN. (*aside.*)

Very prettily plann'd.

AGIB.

Away then, Nourjadee, to your friend.

(*She passes him as going.*)

But, remember,—when the moon has sunk, to-morrow night, I will be under your window.

NOURJADEE.

Then I throw to you my clothes, and my casket.—

AGIB.

Then you descend the rope-ladder,—and then, Nourjadee!—

NOURJADEE.

And then, Agib, off we go!

Turns round, as going, and is face to face with VAN GLOZEN, who has advanced towards her ;— she screams.

NOURJADEE.

Lud! is that you?

VAN GLOZEN.

Yes, old Huff-Bluff, the Dutchman, at your service ;—but never scream ; if you do that coming down the rope-ladder, it will spoil all.

AGIB.

Ruin'd past recovery, (*aside.*) Major Van Glozen, (*advancing to him.*)

VAN GLOZEN.

Sir.

AGIB.

Since I look upon you, here, as the Emperor's representative,—

VAN GLOZEN.

That, sir, is as this young lady looks upon *you*, I take it: and, hang me, if I don't begin to think that the Emperor has a representative in every corner of his Haram.

AGIB.

Our lives, Major, are in your power ; but if—

VAN GLOZEN.

Come, I'll be plain with you: the Emperor has, by accident, employ'd me in this affair of Zaïde, to be sure ; but I am here as his friend, not as an informer, or a spy: if I came as the latter, this very ingenious lady can tell you, that, I am too easily taken-in to be fit for the business. Your secret is safe with me, Captain.

AGIB.

Our gratitude, Major, will never be forgotten.

VAN GLOZEN.

To diminish your obligations, let me tell you,

noble Captain, that the Dutch East India Company has no connexion, here, with the firm of Cupid and Co. ; and 'tis no part of our treaty, or interest, to prevent you, or the whole island, from making love, when, where, and how you please, to all eternity.—But to the present business :—this must be given to Zaide, instantly.

(gives a sealed packet to AGIB.)

NOURJADEE.

The Emperor's last resolve ! If the contents—

VAN GLOZEN.

Of those I am ignorant, upon my honour ;—I would not be told them ; for my interference at all, is, to say truth, much against my liking.

NOURJADEE.

Had the doom been immediate, surely you would have been apprised.

VAN GLOZEN.

Why, I *think* I should.

NOURJADEE. *(apart.)*

Then, courage ! pass but to-morrow, and all will be well !

AGIB.

I hasten to communicate the mandate. *[Exit.]*

VAN GLOZEN.

So, fair lady, you triumph, don't you, at the thoughts of having so cleverly bamboozled me ?

NOURJADEE.

Dear, no ; there's nothing so clever in that.

VAN GLOZEN.

What, to make a dupe of a long-headed Dutchman ?—Come, that's not so easy a matter, neither.

NOURJADEE.

You flatter yourself :—is there any man, Major, whose brains can't be turn'd topsy-turvy by a woman ?

VAN GLOZEN.

She must be a devilish pretty one, like yourself, then.

NOURJADEE.

Oh, you wise lords of the creation! what simpletons we females make of you, whenever we please!

SONG.

NOURJADEE.

1.

Low in the vale, where a streamlet ran,
And under a tree reclined,
A pilgrim measured the wit of man,
By thinking on womankind.
Oh! a woman has killing eyes, he cried,
And a soft, bewitching smile,
With a thousand, thousand charms beside,
Our senses to beguile!

2.

Mark every glance that confirms her sway;
Note, too, each dimple's power;
Look on her lips, how the young loves play,
Like bees on the honied flower!
Gaze on her bosom of sweets! and take
This truth for a constant rule,—
Enchanting Woman can always make
The wisest of men a fool.

Enter GRUMBICK.

GRUMBICK.

Major, you must attend the Emperor.

VAN GLOZEN.

Hey! what's the matter now?

GRUMBICK.

He's in the Hall of Execution; and orders are come for bringing our prisoner there immediately.
[Exit.

NOURJADEE.

Oh, mercy ! Zaïde !

Runs out towards ZAÏDE's apartment.

VAN GLOZEN.

I am astounded ! but I shall learn all from the savage in his den.—Plague on these eastern countries !—every thing is in the extreme of the luxurious and the horrible ;—all sunshine and earthquakes,—wealth and volcanoes :—pine-apples in the hedge, and serpents under 'em ;—sultans, slavery, groves, tigers, beauties, and bow-strings !—Oh, Fortune ! send me home, to Holland, with riches, and let me enjoy them in elegance, by the side of a ditch, with the tranquillity of a Dutch-man !

[*Exit.*]*Enter ZAÏDE.*ZAÏDE (*speaking as she enters.*)

On to the outward porch, and I will follow.—
The tyrant, then, has seal'd my death, at last ;
And I am doom'd to fall,—of all my kindred,
The latest victim at the shrine of Murder.

SONG.

ZAÏDE.

Tyrant ! I come !
Freely with life I part,
'Tis comfort now to die ;
And, soon, my breaking heart
Will heave its latest sigh.

Tyrant ! I come !

I.

Haply, my wedded Love
Ere now, alas ! is dead ;
To blissful realms above,
My slaughter'd babe hath fled.

2.

Those to my bosom dear
 No more on earth I see ;
 Their spirits, hovering near,
 Look down, and wait for me.
 With life, then, let me part ;
 'Tis comfort now to die ;
 And, soon, my breaking heart
 Will heave its latest sigh.

Tyrant ! I come !

[Exit.]

SCENE THE LAST.

A large Hall in the Palace at Kérta-Súra, in which is an elevated Seat for the Emperor. A Pillar stands on one side of the Hall, with rings and chains fix'd in it, to bind criminals : on the other side a band of Archers is drawn up, arm'd with bows and arrows.

Various Males and Females are in attendance.

The EMPEROR OF JAVA enters, with his train of Attendants, among whom is VAN GLOZEN, and seats himself.

EMPEROR.

Lead in the Criminal. [an Attendant goes out.]

Slaves of my will !

Not from *my* power the Sentence sprang, which,
 now,

These Archers stand prepared to execute :
 The doom for the offence was fix'd, before
 The Culprit had offended ;—Precedent,
 Ancient Decrees, and Edicts of my Empire,
 All these were known, and she has rush'd upon them.
 Learn, hence, and tremble to behold, the fate
 Of those who dare infringe my Haram's laws.

Enter ZAÏDE, guarded.—She is follow'd by AGIB and NOURJADEE, who accompany her across the Hall to the Pillar for Criminals.

EMPEROR.

Zaïde,—have you a wish, whose influence may Survive the wisher?—If you have, express it.

ZAÏDE.

But one :—If my Parbaya should return,——
Aye, startle at the name !—When I am slaughter'd,
Should he have shunn'd the murder you intend him,
Yield to the husband, then, his clay-cold wife :—
Extend not to my corse the tyranny
That vex'd the breathing form ; but spare, at least,
The rights of sepulture, if not of marriage.

EMPEROR.

Though supplication, clothed in terms of insult,
Might justify refusal,—still, your prayer
Is granted.

ZAÏDE.

Insult !—Oh ! is, then, the worm
Never to writhe beneath the giant's foot ?
Compare my miseries with my upbraiding,
And I have borne Oppression's wrong, as meekly
As penitents the chastisement of Heaven :
Nay, even now, lest I profane true love,
My lips shall pour no malediction on you,
To mingle with my prayers for my Parbaya.

EMPEROR.

That hated name again !—Archers, prepare !

(The Archers raise their bows.)

PARBAYA *(without.)*

PARBAYA.

They who oppose me die !

PARBAYA, *bearing the vessel of poison, enters wildly, and rushes to ZAÏDE ;—HANS GAYVELT enters at the same time.*

PARBAYA.

Hold, murderers, hold!

EMPEROR.

How now! return'd!

PARBAYA.

Ay, Emperor, return'd,—

To save her, or to perish with her:—mark me,
Or tremble for yourself,—for I am desperate.

EMPEROR.

Ha! for myself!—attack him, guards.

PARBAYA.

(holding up the vessel of poison.) Stand off!—
He falls a corse who ventures to approach us.—
Allow me time to parley,—give no word
To your accursed Archers,—or I dash
This urn to atoms, sprinkling death around me,
Through all your Court;—and, first, upon yourself,
(Since I direct the storm) a shower shall fall,
Till your expiring shrieks, within this palace,
Shall be like echoes in the Cave of Death,
Shaking your walls to their foundation.

EMPEROR.

Madman!

PARBAYA.

Who is't has made me mad?—Have you a heart?
Or, having one, has cruelty imbued it
So deeply, that no speck, no little speck,
Betrays the milk of pity, or remorse?

EMPEROR.

Compassion has been shown you, by the chance
Allow'd you for your life.

PARBAYA.

A fiend's compassion,—
The tiger's,—who intends his prey should die,
But tortures it, in sport before he kills it.
The prey, through Providence, has now escaped.

EMPEROR.

It seems so,—yet, so speedy your return.—
What voucher that you have perform'd your
journey?

PARBAYA.

This. (*shewing the urn.*)

EMPEROR.

It's contents have not been, yet, examined.
What Officer to answer for you?

HANS.

I.

VAN GLOZEN.

(*aside.*) I thought so—! plague on't! peace!
or you'll undo us.

EMPEROR.

Did you, young soldier, guard him on the march
To the Priest's dwelling.

HANS.

I was there with him :—

And, as a further proof, the Priest himself
Has borne him company on his return.

EMPEROR.

That Priest is a delinquent, then, for leaving
The spot assign'd him, for his solemn duty.

HANS.

There is not, now, a prisoner in his charge :
Had it been otherwise, his cause of absence
Pleads in excuse, with any who lay claim
To the last spark of feeling.

EMPEROR.

Say, what cause?

HANS.

Parbaya is his son :—Believe me, Sir,
Were all the World your Empire, could you not
Conceive their agony at such a meeting,—
Aye, and be touch'd with it,—t'were better, far,
You gave up your dominion, in exchange
For Man's best attribute,—humanity.

VAN GLOZEN.

This boy has ruin'd us! (*aside.*)

EMPEROR.

Where is this Priest?

HANS.

Gone to consult a brother of his order,—
Chief of your mosques,—on some religious laws
Concerning convicts who escape the Upas.
Oh! here he comes.

Enter ORZINGA.

EMPEROR.

It seems you are the father
Of this remitted Criminal.

ORZINGA.

The parent
Of that afflicted man.

EMPEROR.

Why came you hither?

ORZINGA.

That I have answer'd.

EMPEROR.

No.

ORZINGA.

I am—his *father*.

EMPEROR.

Some further motive, too, has led you hither;—
Touching those Convicts, who escape with life,
From their ordeal.

ORZINGA.

And I am instructed;—
Instructed in those earliest Laws, that form
This Empire's basis; which, if violated,
Annihilate, if not the Throne itself,
The power of him who fills it.

EMPEROR.

What means this?

ORZINGA.

He who brings back the drug, not only claims
His life, but has a further privilege.

EMPEROR.

Dull dreamer ! have you raked in musty records,
To learn what boyhood, here, can tell ?—the privi-
lege
Has ever been asserted,—ne'er denied.

PARBAYA.

My father, stand not upon idle points ;
What are all privileges, now, to me ?
Worldly advantage, when the world is hateful,
If Zaïde's lost ?

EMPEROR.

Give them their privilege,—
A paltry sum to ship them to their homes,
If strangers ; or if natives here, a cot,—
A patch of land,—a nothing.

ORZINGA.

That is all
Which has been claim'd for years ;—the wretched
claimants,
Abandon'd, destitute, and steep'd in poverty,
Had nothing more to ask.—Thus say the Laws ;—
WHATEVER *Boon* the Criminal request,
So it be competent with social order,
The Emperor is *bound to grant, or forfeit*
HIS TITLE TO THE EMPIRE ; and his Subjects
Freed from allegiance to him, are enjoin'd
To choose another Sovereign.

PARBAYA.

Zaïde ! Zaïde !
My life, my love, I claim thee ! (*Embracing her.*)

ZAÏDE.

Oh, Parbaya !
This happiness.—I cannot utter !

PARBAYA.

Emperor,
 If there be aught that can augment the joy
 Of snatching my beloved from Death and Thee,
 It is the triumph of an honest mind
 In forcing an Oppressor to be just.

HANS, (*running to PARBAYA and ZAÏDE.*)

Joy, joy, Parbaya!—joy a thousand times!
 And Zaïde too!—egad I am so happy,
 That I could give myself joy.

VAN GLOZIN.

(*pulling him by the skirt of his coat, and apart.*)

Don't break out so;
 Think of the Dutch East India Company!

EMPEROR. (*rising.*)

Release the prisoner: (*Zaïde is released.*) break
 up the Court.—

For you, officious Priest, abide no more
 Within my Empire.—Slaves, attend me.

*Exit, cum suis.**Enter PENGOOSE.*

PENGOOSE.

Here has been a *Nota Bene*! I've heard the
 news; and they are all shouting about it in the
 Quadrangle.

ZAÏDE. (*to NOURJADEE.*)

Dear friend! your kindness for me.

NOURJADEE.

Nay, no thanks;—but, if you are ready to sail,
 Agib and I will have a place for you in a packet,
 by to-morrow night; and we shall make a snug
 family-party;—sha'n't we, Agib?

AGIB.

Hush, dearest Nourjadee!

VAN GLOZIN.

Hans,—you'll be sadly out of favour at Court,
 here, now:—I must look out for some other line
 for you;—and, 'tis my opinion, you had better go
 back.

HANS.

I think so too, Nunk ;—for, hang me if I shall ever make my fortune by cringing to scoundrels, who deserve to be kick'd :—so, Pengoose, back you and I go.

PENGOOSE.

So much the better ! Amsterdam is not a bad place to publish in ; and I've enough matter to go to Press, directly.

PARBAYA. (*to ORZINGA.*)

My father, can you bear to see, again,
After all sufferings, our native Isle ?

ORZINGA.

With *you*, Parbaya ;—when a bitter thought
Comes o'er me, I shall look upon a son,
Restored to me, and that will pour in sweets.

PARBAYA.

Sweet may our days, my father, henceforth, prove !
Our sorrows have been keen ;—but let us bow
Humbly beneath afflictions ; and be thankful
For every blessing Providence bestows.

FINALE.

AGIB.

Oh, never let the heart despair ;
Sorrows come and go ;
Remember, in the hour of care,
Joy succeeds to woe.

The circling year, that gives the gloom,
Will bring the sunshine too ;
And bid the roses gaily bloom,
Our pleasures to renew.

CHORUS.

The circling year, &c.

ZAIDE.

Of life's alternate hope and fear,
Of all the Passions boast,
Of rapture's smile, of sorrow's tear,
Lovers know the most ;

And, when the bosom has been taught
 A bitter pang to prove,
 With joy returning, is there aught
 That's like the bliss of love?

CHORUS.

The circling year, &c.

PENGGOOSE.

A chequer'd *tour* is life, at best!—
 Oxford gave me birth;
 At Amsterdam, I grew distress;
 Now I'm full of mirth.
 A *nota bene* 'tis, no doubt,
 When every thing goes pat;
 But, as to what will next turn out,
 Oh, what a *query*'s that!

CHORUS.

The circling year, &c.

NOURJADEE. (*To the Audience.*)

Whate'er the prospect, sad or bright,
 Easy 'tis to see,
 That all our joys and cares, to-night,
 Rest on Your decree:—
 Contract not, then, the critick brow,
 Nor kill us with a frown;
 But, smiling on our efforts, now,
 Our ardent wishes crown!

CHORUS.

Contract not, then, the critick brow, &c.

FINIS.



